

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAE."—SHAKESPEARE.

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

N<sup>o</sup>. 348.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1865.

[PRICE 2d.

## AT THE BAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A CRUISE UPON WHEELS," &c. &c.

### CHAPTER XXXII. THE SCALE TURNS THIS WAY AND THAT.

It has been seen already that Gilbert Penmore had not approached the arduous task which he had set himself, without seeking and obtaining such assistance as he felt might really be of use to him. It has already been mentioned that during the time that he had been in the habit of attending court, Gilbert had made some acquaintances among his brethren of the robe. One of these, a man older than Penmore, and of some considerable experience, had volunteered, on first hearing of the projected defence, to assist him in any way in his power, and to him Gilbert had confided the task of cross-examining such witnesses as it might be deemed advisable to subject to that ordeal. So when the examination in chief of Jane Cantanker had come to an end, this gentleman, whose name, as the reader perhaps remembers, was Steel, rose in his place, and begging her to remain in the witness-box a few minutes longer, proceeded to ask her certain questions, what to the following purpose:

"You remarked just now," he said, "that the deceased seemed very drowsy and sleepy when you went up-stairs to assist her in going to bed."

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Now, will you tell me whether you have not sometimes observed this before?"

The witness hesitated a little here, and seemed inclined to avoid the question.

"Well," she said at last, "I suppose everybody shows a little drowsiness now and then, just at bedtime."

"Yes, but at other times—not at bedtime. Have you not sometimes observed this tendency to drowsiness in your mistress?"

At this question Serjeant Probyn and Mr. Pry were observed to whisper together a good deal. It had just begun to dawn upon them in what direction the defence would turn.

The witness hesitated a good deal in her answers. "N—n—no, she did not know that she had observed anything of the sort—nothing out of the way."

"Nothing out of the way, eh? But still you have observed such a thing now and then?"

"Her mistress was sleepy sometimes," the witness said. "Most people were."

What can we gather of the nature of evidence, as given in court, from the reports which appear of the different trials. The manner, nay, the look even, of a witness is sometimes, as far as the convincing of the jury goes, a form of evidence of the greatest importance, and many decisions which astonish us on paper would surprise us not at all if we had been present in court while the case in question was being tried. The impression left on the minds of those before whom Jane Cantanker spoke, was that she was very much understating the truth in her answers. The next question was what the schoolmen call a "crucial" one:

"Have you ever known your mistress take anything to make her sleepy?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"Don't you? Well, I will put it more plainly, then," said Mr. Steel. "Did you ever know your mistress to take laudanum, or any other form of opium?"

The witness waited a moment. "No, sir, certainly not," she said, with something of indignation. But Mr. Steel had not done yet.

"Did you ever know your mistress to have laudanum, or any other form of opium, in her possession?" This question after a suggestion by Gilbert.

Again that pause, which invested the answer, when it came, with so much of insincerity. "I suppose every one has had something of the sort in the house at some time or other."

"Yes, yes, no doubt: but I want to know if your mistress ever had it?"

"She had some once—a little," said the woman, sullenly.

"Oh, she had some once. How did you come to be aware of that fact?"

"I saw some on the chimney-piece in her bedroom, when I went to call her one morning."

"And how much may there have been?"

"I can't say, certainly. It was a small bottle and about half full."

"Was your mistress particularly difficult to arouse that morning?"

"She was always rather heavy in the morning. It's some people's nature."

"And on this particular morning she was not especially so?"

"I don't remember. Nothing remarkable, I should say."

"Did your mistress say anything to you on the subject of the bottle of laudanum?"

"She asked me what I was looking at."

"Did she seem to be displeased that you had perceived it?"

"Well—rather—perhaps," with great hesitation.

"Rather. Come, you must know."

"I can't say with certainty."

All these answers were given with the most dogged sullenness.

"Why, how long ago was it?"

"Oh, it may have been a month or six weeks before her death."

"Did your mistress leave the bottle where it was after she had noticed that you had observed it?"

"No."

"What did she do with it, then?"

"She got out of bed, and put it away."

"And where did she put it?"

"She thrust it into the bosom of her dressing-gown, as far as I can remember. I left the room soon after, and saw no more of it."

"Now, Jane Cantanker," Mr. Steel resumed, very seriously, "I have one more question to ask you. Is this the only occasion on which you have observed laudanum, or any other preparation of opium, to be in the possession of the deceased?"

The witness waited some seconds, and then replied:

"Yes, that was the only occasion."

The witness was then told that she might leave the box. She seemed much agitated, and not a little exhausted by the length and arduousness of the examination through which she had passed.

The next person examined was the surgeon to the police force, Dr. Giles. He deposed to having been sent for hastily to the house in Beaumont-street. The deceased was quite dead when he arrived; had been so for perhaps two hours, more or less. He directed that the body should be left just as it was till he could return and make a post-mortem examination, and he especially intimated a wish that nothing should be done that might remove the smell of opium, which was very obvious, from deceased's mouth. That injunction was given, because he thought the presence of such smell was an important indication in the case. When he returned in the afternoon he was accompanied by a friend, and they proceeded at once to investigate the cause of death. He then went into all the medical details of the case, stating at length, and with many technicalities, how he had examined the different organs of the deceased; how they were, on the whole, healthy, though there were indications of such a tendency to unsoundness, or rather weakness, he would say, about the heart as would render the deceased particularly susceptible to the fatal effects of opium, or probably

any other narcotic influence. There was nothing there, however, to be the cause of death. The deceased might have lived for years with a heart in that state—but for the opium. That was the cause of death, beyond a doubt. He had examined the stomach very carefully. There was the remains of a meal found in it, and there was, moreover, a certain amount of porter or stout. He had detected unmistakable indications of the presence of opium. He should say in the form of laudanum. There was sufficient to cause death, especially in a person whose heart was in the condition in which he had described the heart of deceased to be. He had no hesitation in stating his firm conviction, founded on considerable professional experience, that in this case the cause of death was the opium which he had found in the body of deceased. He spoke very confidently.

This gentleman's opinion was entirely corroborated by his colleague, who had assisted him in the examination. There was no doubt in his mind either that the deceased lady had died from the effects of poisoning by opium.

The chemist who sold the laudanum to Gabrielle was next placed in the box. He simply repeated what the reader has already heard, mentioning the quantity sold, what it was required for, and the date of the transaction. He, moreover, identified the bottle which was found in Mrs. Penmore's box as one which had come from his establishment.

The evidence of the cause of death was thus made complete. Moreover, the existence of the poison by which the deceased lady died, in the possession of the prisoner, was proved, and it had also been shown that abundant opportunity of administering such poison had been afforded to the accused on the night preceding Miss Carrington's death. It remained to strengthen—though indeed it hardly appeared necessary—the evidence as to motive. With this view some of the late Miss Carrington's friends, some of those residing at the neighbouring boarding-house, were next called.

Captain Rawlings Scraper was placed in the witness-box, and duly sworn.

Mr. Pry. You are a captain in her Majesty's service?

Witness. I am.

Mr. Pry. At present on half-pay?

Witness. I beg to state that that is also the case.

Mr. Pry. You were acquainted with the late Miss Carrington?

Witness. Yes, I was—indeed, I may say that I was well acquainted with her.

Mr. Pry. You were, doubtless, in the habit at different times of conversing with her on a great variety of topics?

Witness. Oh yes, a great variety. In fact, I may say a very great variety. I was, it may be interesting to the court to know, in the habit of giving her advice—which she was good enough to say she valued very highly—on a great many

subjects, as to the distribution, or rather investment, of her property, as to the purchase of such small quantities of wine as she might have need of, or even on matters of a hygienic nature—it being a subject—

The younger of the two judges on the bench here interposed, and remarked that this evidence was hardly relevant. Mr. Pry took the hint, and brought his man back with all speed.

Mr. Pry. I will not trouble you just now, Captain Scraper, to give us your views upon diet, which, I have no doubt, are valuable enough in themselves. What I wish to ask you is, whether on any occasion you have heard the deceased lady make allusion to anything unpleasant in connexion with the relations which existed between herself and the prisoner?

Witness. I really am unable at this moment to recollect.

Mr. Pry. Perhaps you will try to tax your memory a little more closely.

Witness. I believe I have heard Miss Carrington remark that some of the household arrangements in Beaumont-street were not quite to her taste, and that when she had made objection to these, it had led more than once to difference of opinion. Indeed, now I think of it, I have heard Miss Carrington say that when she had alluded, in the presence of Mrs. Penmore, to some advice which I myself had given to the deceased, it was not well received.

Mr. Pry. Not well received, just so—a carpenter spirit shown, no doubt?

Witness. No doubt. I am not able to say with certainty, but no doubt. I am always very cautious how I commit myself to anything which I have not actually heard with my own ears, having, in the course of my long experience of military life—a life in which gossip and—

Mr. Pry, again admonished by the judge, intimated to the captain at this point that the court would not trouble him to relate his military experiences, and was about to suggest his withdrawal from the box, when Mr. Steel, for the other side, stood up, and expressed his wish to ask the witness a question before he left the box.

Mr. Steel. Have you ever, Captain Scraper, in the course of your friendly intercourse with the late Miss Carrington, observed anything remarkable about her—any tendency, for instance, to great changeableness, at one time being sleepy and heavy, and at another unusually excited or irritable?

The captain stated without much circumlocution that he had observed such changes of mood in the course of his acquaintance, and that he had even commented on it to intimate friends.

Miss Preedy, a resident, as it may perhaps be remembered, in the same house with Captain Scraper, fully corroborated the evidence given by that gentleman, and also bore a similar testimony to the strange variations in the late Miss Carrington's bearing and demeanour at different times. As the evidence was getting to be rather

strong on this particular point, this lady was subjected to re-examination when her cross-examination was over. She was re-examined by Sergeant Probyn.

The Sergeant. You state that you have observed a great variation of manner in your late friend on certain occasions. Will you be good enough to inform the court exactly what you mean by that statement.

Witness. I hardly know. It is difficult to explain what I mean.

The Sergeant. Are you quite sure that you understand what you mean, yourself?

Witness. I don't know, I'm sure. I think my meaning was that she was a little flighty and odd sometimes. You couldn't depend upon always finding her in the same mood. She would be different at different times.

The Sergeant. And will you tell me, Miss Preedy, standing in that solemn position in which you are placed, that you ever knew any one who was *not* different at different times? Really, my lords, I must contend that this is but a desultory and gossiping kind of evidence, and hardly fit in a case of such awful importance to occupy the time of the court or the attention of the jury.

The court ruled, however, that it was legitimate evidence, and that it should be taken for what it was worth. The witness was then permitted to stand down.

And now there remained but two more witnesses to be examined to make the case for the prosecution complete. The first of these was the policeman who had been employed to search the room occupied by the prisoner in the house in Beaumont-street. He was placed in the box immediately, and examined by the junior counsel for the prosecution.

Mr. Pry. You were directed, I believe, to search the premises in Beaumont-street, with a view of ascertaining if there were any indications of the poison called laudanum having recently been in possession of the prisoner?

Witness. Yes, sir. Me and another constable of the same division were told off for that duty.

Mr. Pry. Will you tell the jury what you discovered?

Witness. Well, sir, for a long time we couldn't find what we were in search of. We looked through all the drawers, and in the cupboards, and every place we could think of, till at last my mate he caught sight of a box that was stowed away under the bed, and pulling it out and finding it locked, we had to make application for the key, and that being handed over, and everything taken out of the box—miscellaneous articles of all kinds—we found at the bottom of everything the bottle we were looking for.

Mr. Pry. The bottle produced just now in court, and identified by the chemist who sold it—Mr. Cook?

Witness. The same, sir.

Cross-examined by Mr. Steel.

Mr. Steel. Were you the constable who went

to the shop of Mr. Cook to make inquiry as to whether he had sold some laudanum recently to the accused?

Witness.—Yes, sir, I was.

Mr. Steel. Did he say anything to you as to any caution he had given to the purchaser when he sold the laudanum?

Witness. Yes, sir. He said that it was always his custom, when he sold such poisonous drugs, to caution the parties buying them to keep them out of the way in some place of security.

The other witness to be examined was the solicitor who had been in the habit of attending to Miss Carrington's affairs. He deposed that the deceased lady had died intestate, and that he possessed the draught of a will drawn up in accordance with the wishes of the deceased, by which her property was bequeathed to some distant relations, with whom she had formerly resided. That will had never been signed, and was mere waste paper. The husband of the prisoner, and his brothers and sister, were next of kin to the late Miss Carrington, and there being no valid will, her property would be divided among them. It was elicited in cross-examination, however, that the husband of the accused had refused, under the circumstances, to accept his share of the property, having made it over to the persons named in the invalid will.

This statement seemed to make a considerable sensation in court. The last witness had been examined for the prosecution, doubtless with the view of proving an additional motive for the crime with which Mrs. Penmore was charged, in her desire to secure the share in Miss Carrington's property, which would fall to her husband should the deceased die intestate. The fact, which was elicited in cross-examination, caused the evidence of this witness to be, in point of fact, favourable to the defence.

Sergeant Probyn now rose, intimated that he had no more witnesses to examine, and that

This was the case for the prosecution.

It is hoped that all this time the reader has kept before him two figures of such pre-eminent interest that the eyes of all persons in court were continually returning to them throughout the trial. First, that poor little, forlorn, helpless woman sitting in the dock, motionless, with hands joined in her lap, and understanding but faintly much that has been going on, and next, the pale, anxious-looking young advocate in the barristers' quarter, on whom nothing has been lost throughout—no, not so much as a word, and who has sat watching and waiting—eager for the conflict to begin, in which he is to fight a outrance for a life more precious to him than aught else in the world.

The progress of the trial was now suspended for a few minutes, to give an opportunity of taking refreshment to those persons who needed it. Among those who were gathered together to watch the issue of this exciting case, there was at this time a great buzz of talking. The remarks, which during the progress of the trial

could only be made in a hurried half-intelligible whisper, were now allowed a free vent, and speculations as to the direction which the case was taking abounded on all sides. At this time it seemed to most men that the prospects of the defence looked very bad indeed. The evidence on the other side was really, as it appeared, overwhelming and impregnable. The line about to be taken by the defence had already been plainly indicated by the nature of the cross-examination to which Jane Cantanker and Captain Scraper had been subjected. The issue of such cross-examination had been, to some extent, favourable to the defence; but a very small advance only had been gained. An hypothesis had been to a certain extent set up, and had to some small extent received support. It had been proved that the deceased lady had once, though some time previous to her death, had laudanum in her possession, and two witnesses had stated their impression that they had observed certain characteristics about the conduct of the deceased lady which might possibly, but which it was equally possible might *not*, have resulted from the practice of taking opium. If the defence had no more conclusive proof with which to back up their theory than this that had appeared, there would be but little chance for its successful issue.

Such were the speculations with which all persons assembled in the court-house of the Old Bailey, on the day whose events we are describing, were occupying themselves during the brief period which had, at this stage of the trial, been allowed to elapse, before that second part of it, which was so eagerly anticipated by all that great assembly, commenced.

The interval was a short one, and very soon the usher of the court was once again proclaiming silence, as the judges resumed their seats, and all those officially employed about the place settled themselves anew to their respective functions.

The injunction of the usher was obeyed with a singular alacrity. The hum of talk among the assembled spectators ceased in an instant. The members of the public press, who had been busily employed a moment before in comparing their reports of all that had taken place, helping each other wherever there was any hiatus or doubtful passage, dropped silent into their respective seats, even the lawyers, who had been talking so eagerly among themselves, bandying from one to another the last piece of news, true or otherwise, which was in circulation about this strange cause, even these gentlemen ceased for the moment to utter so much as a whisper.

There was a great silence then in the court, as a young man, dressed in the costume of an advocate, and deadly pale, rose from his seat among the benches assigned to the barristers, and glancing once at some papers which he held in his hand, prepared to address the jury.

At the moment when the young advocate stood up, the prisoner in the dock suffered her head to

fall somewhat forward on her breast, and her hands, which were folded in her lap, clasped each other more tightly than before.

## CHAPTER XXXIII. GABRIELLE'S CHAMPION.

THE excitement now was very great. There was not an usher—nay, there was not an errand-boy employed about the court who did not know under what extraordinary circumstances the counsel for the defence was to carry that defence through, and what a stake he had depending on its issue. The fact that Gilbert had risen to speak, was whispered from one to another of those persons, many in number, who were unable to see all that was going on, till in time it even reached the crowd that was gathered outside. The sharp youth who always takes a prominent part in such an assembly, and on such an occasion, and who always has the stupidest of men next to him, caught at the intelligence with avidity.

"He's on his legs," said the sharp youth.

"Who is?" inquired his obtuse neighbour.

"Why, 'er 'usband."

"What's he on his legs for? what's he going to do?"

"Why, to speak for the defence, to be sure," said the sharp youth, who was an habitué of the court, and as well acquainted with all its business and phraseology as a Drury-lane boy with the technicalities of the stage.

"What I can't make out," said the stupid man, "is what call he has to speak about it."

"Why, stupid," retorted the superior mind, "can't you understand he's the counsel for the defence. He's a defending of her."

"Lawyer's wife in trouble," remarked the stupid man. "Well, that is a start."

"Ah, I should think it was, too;" and with that the precocious youth abandoned his friend, and pressed forward in search of more intelligence.

Gilbert Penmore, then, rose to address the jury in the midst of a silence which seemed something more than negative. He was deadly pale. For a while things swerved before his eyes, and he spoke at first in a very low key. Perhaps no human being was ever before placed in a position of such severe and intolerable trial.

The counsel for the defence began by making a few preliminary remarks on the peculiar relation in which he stood towards the accused. It was a case in all probability altogether without precedent. He hoped, however, that no one in court would be prejudiced against what he had to say, through taking a false view of this that he was doing. "Could I sit by inactive," he said, "and see another risking the life of the accused, by handling her cause in what might appear to me an incomplete, or defective manner? Could I bear to see a point neglected that might seem to me a point on which things of infinite importance hinged? Could I bear to see an opportunity missed, or a mistake—even a slight

one—made? Suppose that usage is against me, as it may be, is that a thing to consider in a case of life and death? If I had been a physician, and had seen the accused assailed by mortal disease, should I not have sought to come between her and its fatal result? If I had been a soldier, should I not, before all other soldiers, have interposed to save her from violence? But above all things, if I must needs apologise for this that I am doing, I will say that there is one reason, above and beyond all others, why I, and I only, should seek to conduct the defence of the accused; and that is, that I, and I alone, *know her to be innocent*. This it is that gives to me, who am versed but little in the arts of pleading, an advantage of incalculable value over any one else, however great his natural ability or his acquired experience; this it is that arms me thrice over for the conflict of to-day, and enables me to contend with a force which is the most irresistible of all force—the consciousness of a just and upright cause."

All eyes were riveted on the young lawyer, but if any had looked to where the prisoner sat, they might have observed that her head was somewhat raised as these words were spoken, and that something like a smile of heavenly radiance illuminated her features.

"I wish to deal with this case," continued Gilbert, "as far as may be as a lawyer, in the strictest sense of the word, and to prove, to the satisfaction of the jury, everything that I advance. I would make no appeal—as, thank Heaven, there is no need—to the mercy and leniency of those who hear me, but simply and entirely to their sense of justice. Let that sense be kept on the alert throughout this defence, from this moment till the last witness that I shall call shall have finished the last word of his evidence. Then neither my client nor I will have anything to fear.

"It has been proved beyond a doubt that the cause of death in the case before the court was poison. This may be admitted at once, and further, that the poison in question was laudanum, or some form of opium, acting on a frame peculiarly predisposed, owing to its organisation, to be influenced by this drug. This being granted, the question which remains to be answered is, By whom was that drug given to the deceased? Three different hypotheses might here be set up as to the person by whom the poison had been administered. There were three different hands by which that poisonous matter might have been conveyed to the lips of the deceased. Indeed, there were but three human beings who could have administered the poison. These three persons were, Jane Cantanker, the—"here his voice faltered—"the accused at the bar, and—the deceased lady herself.

"As to the first of these persons," continued Gilbert, collecting himself by a violent effort, "she has remained from the first unaccused, unsuspected. No one seems to have thought it possible that suspicion could attach to her. In-

deed, the truth is, that there is no case against her at all. There would be no motive to induce her to be guilty of such an act. She would have sustained loss instead of gain by her mistress's death. She had no poison in her possession, and everything has gone to prove her intense affection for her mistress, and devotion to her service. Any theory serving to connect her, then, with the poisoning of the deceased may be dismissed at once.

"With regard to the second person to whom it was possible for suspicion to attach in this case, and on whom it has fallen very heavily,—her it will be less easy to clear, though that also shall be done, as I firmly believe, to the satisfaction of all here present.

"And first, with regard to the evidence against the accused, there is not one single fact that has been adduced here this day of which I am prepared for one moment to dispute the accuracy. It is all true. The inferences that have been deduced from these facts alone are false. But I will go further than this, and admit that the circumstantial evidence in this case is damningly in the extreme, and points with fearful force, at first sight, to the guilt of the accused. And this evidence is, as I have said, true. I am not going to dispute one point of it from beginning to end, and yet I believe that I shall be able to prove beyond a doubt that it is all compatible with the entire innocence of the accused. It is true, then, as the evidence has shown, that differences between her and the deceased lady did arise from time to time during their intercourse, and that the accused was subjected to such provocation as might very well have been supposed to lead to considerable ill feeling on her part towards the deceased. It is not for me to dwell upon the faults of the dead, unless with a view to the preservation of the living; but the fact of such provocation having existed, is beyond a doubt. It is true also that, besides the motive of revenge which such provocation might well have awakened in some natures, there appears at first sight to have been another reason why the accused should desire the death of the late Miss Carrington—the pecuniary gain, namely, which might possibly arise from her leaving this world so suddenly, that, having no warning to prepare her affairs, she would probably die intestate, a circumstance which would be indirectly highly profitable to the accused. It is true that there is thus abundant motive proved for such an act as that which she is charged with committing. Moreover, it is true that the accused went out of the way—and this on the evening of the day on which there had been a serious disagreement between her and deceased—went out of her way to gain an opportunity of conveying to the deceased food and drink in which poison might easily have been concealed, that there was even delay sufficient in the conveyance of such meat and drink to her for whom it was prepared to have allowed of its being qualified in the deadly manner which has been suggested. It is true that after swallowing

that food and drink to which the accused had had such free access, the death took place, the circumstances of which this trial is now investigating; and that a certain quantity of the very poison by which the deceased died was found in the possession of the accused. It is true that this poison was concealed out of sight, and that to all appearance an attempt was made by the accused to place the bottle which had held the poison where no human eye was likely to light on it. All this is true, and yet, overwhelming as such an amount and such a force of evidence seems, I shall yet be able to prove to you—yes, prove beyond the shadow of a doubt—that these things do truly and undoubtedly, in this case, co-exist with the most complete innocence, on the part of the accused, in thought, and word, and deed." Here, once more, there was a short silence, of which every one present seemed to take advantage to draw a long breath. The advocate for the defence appeared to gain additional strength now with every word that he uttered, and the hesitation which had marked the commencement of his address was rapidly disappearing. Presently he went on.

"Now as to motive and the ill feeling towards deceased attributed to the accused. We have already seen, by the testimony of the servant, Charlotte Grimes, who lived with her, that she was long-suffering and hard to be provoked, and this I shall be able to corroborate with other evidence, proving that she was never given to quarrelling or ill feeling, and was of an exceptionally kind and affectionate disposition. It must be admitted that the accused was at times provoked beyond all measure, and to such a degree, that we should justly accuse any person of want of heart and feeling who could always remain calm and unirritated under such extreme provocation. I trust that I shall be able to prove to the jury that such irritation as may have been called up by the circumstances under which the accused was placed, was of a very momentary kind, and wholly inconsistent with the deep malignant feeling which the commission of such a crime as that under the consideration of the jury would imply. It is undoubtedly unfortunate that in the accounts of such disagreements as I have spoken of we have heard only the evidence of one powerfully biased in favour of the deceased. Nor can we hear other, the only other person who was ever present on such occasions being precluded from giving evidence as a witness. This is unfortunate, for, clear from all suspicion in this case as Jane Cantanker certainly is, it must yet be owned that as a witness she has shown herself to be under the influence of very bitter feeling towards the accused.

"And now as to the conveying of that meat and drink to the deceased lady—is there no view of that act possible but a suspicious one? Might it not happen that the accused, conscious that an unpleasant scene had taken place that day, and that words had passed between herself and deceased, might wish to explain what she had

said—to show that she had spoken hastily and with no intention to wound? Might she not, under these circumstances, wish to pay some little attention to the deceased, wish for some excuse for going up to her room to exchange some friendly words with her, and say 'Good night'? Is this too much to suppose? Is it too much to suppose, again, that in taking that food up-stairs the accused might turn aside into a room which lay on her road to gain breath, or even to collect herself a little, before entering upon a scene which was likely to prove of a somewhat embarrassing nature?

"Then, again, the possession by the accused of a certain amount of the very poison by which the deceased lady is proved to have died, is this really so damning a circumstance as if at first appears? Let it be remembered what that poison was. Let it be remembered that this is no case of poisoning by strichnine, by antimony, by arsenic, or any other of those terrible drugs which only chemists or other professional persons may with propriety be expected to keep by them. Opium in all its forms, let it be remembered, is a medicine, and a medicine capable of exercising the most benign and soothing influences in certain cases of pain and unrest, a medicine used externally as well as internally every day, and one—and to this I would call especial attention—to be found, to some extent, in the medicine-chests of—at a moderate computation—half the families in England. This fact cannot be too much insisted upon. The existence of some poisons in the possession of an unprofessional person would be in itself a suspicious circumstance, but the possession of the poison called laudanum is *not* a suspicious circumstance, for the reasons I have given. As to its being hid away so carefully, in this case, that was simply, as we have seen, owing to an over-exactness in obeying the injunction of the chemist who sold the drug, and who requested that it might be kept in some place of security. It was evidently an excess of caution which led to the very elaborate concealment of the bottle where no one could light upon it by accident, and no uncommon caution either—the very look of that formidable word 'Poison,' as it shows conspicuous on the label of the bottle, being calculated to inspire an extreme fear lest the drug so inscribed should get into careless or dangerous hands. Considered thus, it will surely appear that this act—this hiding away of the poison-bottle which has seemed so suspicious a thing, may be accounted for more easily than might at first sight be supposed possible; and much as those who desire to see an innocent person clear from all suspicion may regret that this concealment of the laudanum was ever attempted, it will surely yet be apparent to all such, after a little reflection, that there is in reality nothing in this act which may not be accounted for by causes consistent in all respects with the innocence of the accused. There are some words which have an alarming sound in themselves, and which spread a sort of

panic wherever they appear, and such words as 'Poison' and 'Laudanum' are among them. To most men, and to women more especially, there is something ominous and almost terrible about such words, and though this feeling may possibly be both fanciful and unjustifiable, I would submit that it is none the less a most natural and widely-diffused instinct. But I will go further in connexion with this subject than I have done, and instead of asking whether it is not possible to explain this act, which has been turned to the disadvantage of the accused in such a manner as to prove that it is compatible with a belief in her innocence—I will ask rather, whether it is not almost a proof, indirectly, of her innocence? For is it not almost a certain thing that any one who had been guilty would have destroyed this bottle and obliterated all traces of its existence, instead of keeping by her what might be so likely to prove a dangerous piece of evidence against herself in the event—a most probable one—of its being discovered?

"It has been my desire in what I have hitherto said, to show that all the weight of circumstantial evidence which has been brought forward to support the present charge is yet, strong as I admit that it is, capable of two interpretations, and therefore it is that I have gone thus into the particulars of the case against the accused. And indeed it must be that this evidence is susceptible of two interpretations. It must be that the innocence of the accused is reconcilable with the facts which have been laid before the court; for though it is true that all things took place as has been shown this day, it is equally true that she who is accused of this crime DID NOT COMMIT IT, nor entertain the very thought of it in her heart. But I need dwell no longer on this theme; indeed, it would be waste of time to do so, when I have proof to offer the jury—proof of the strongest and most irrefragable kind—that the poison by which Diana Carrington died, was administered by another hand than that of the accused. By whom, then, was it administered? is the next question. My answer is ready.

"I assert, without a moment's hesitation, that the poison by which the deceased lady met her death, was taken by herself, of her own free will, and that, moreover, without any thought that what she did might have a fatal result, or any intention of self-destruction."

Gilbert paused for a moment at this point, and a deep breath of something almost like relief seemed to come simultaneously from the whole assembly of human beings gathered together in court that day. The appearance and bearing of the accused had told much in her favour with all present, and any announcement which promised to dissipate the dreadful cloud which hung over her was very welcome. The barristers whispered together, and even the judicial calmness of the bench did not seem altogether proof against the natural curiosity which the last words of the counsel for the defence were calculated to awaken.

He went on: "Gentlemen of the jury, what I have just stated is no mere assertion. I have evidence to give that shall bear out every word I have said. I shall shortly call before you for examination a witness whom the facts of this case have only just reached, and who has now only heard of it, to use the common phrase, by accident. At the eleventh hour this witness has come forward in time to save a life which, perhaps, without his testimony, might have been sacrificed. He has come forward to testify that he has for some time past been in the habit of supplying the deceased lady with laudanum; that he did so under the impression that she required it mainly for external use, and that she was liable to suffering which made its use necessary to her. She had this poison from him for the last time on the day before that on which she expired. The fact that he was ignorant of her name, and the strange life and habits of this person, something of which, no doubt, will come out under examination, have been the causes which have led to his being thus long in coming forward with evidence of such extreme importance, just as it is certain that the fact of his not having been visited by the agents of the police when investigating the case, is to be attributed to the circumstance that he is not, strictly speaking, a chemist, but a herbalist and seedsman, while the shop which he keeps is not a chemist's shop, but such an one as is ordinarily kept by the members of the trade to which he belongs. The herbalist's shop has been passed by, and the herbalist himself overlooked, in the course of those inquiries to which the case now before the jury has given rise; and so it has happened that the person who, of all others, was alone able to clear up this mystery, has remained, till the very eleventh hour, altogether ignorant of how much depended upon evidence which he alone could give. For it is most certain that this man has till quite recently known nothing of the case which the court is now investigating, and that but for the merest accident, as I have said, his evidence, of such matchless importance as it is, might yet never have been brought to light. As it is, however, and owing, as we phrase it, to a rare and most happy chance, which all men who love justice will hail joyfully, this man is here to give evidence this day—here to settle a question which, without his testimony, might have remained, at best, doubtful in men's eyes, or which at worst might have been wrongly and falsely decided, leaving in one case a slur upon a name which should be wholly pure and untarnished, and in the other condemning to a shameful death a creature as innocent of the horrible deed attributed to her as the angels are that have watched over her in her hour of danger. And gentlemen of the jury," cried Gilbert in conclusion, "one thing let me at least entreat of you. When this man—this witness—shall have spoken, and when you shall have heard all that he has to say, be swift in what you have to do, and let your work be accomplished quickly. His evidence, I

fondly hope and believe, is conclusive in its nature, and will leave you with little inclination to doubt or hesitate. Have great consideration, then, for one who has already suffered, as I devoutly trust that not one of you will ever suffer, who, born and bred in a position removed, one would have thought, from the bare possibility of such an experience as this, has yet had to pass through an ordeal which would shake the roughest and most hardened nature. Be considerate of what she must still endure while your deliberations last, and end them, in Heaven's name, as quickly as may consist with the fulfilment of the sacred duty which you have pledged yourselves to perform this day."

Gilbert sat down, and again was heard that murmur—that deep-drawn breath which seemed to be released after being held too long. It was not applause. It was nothing that could be checked or repressed; but it spoke eloquently of profoundest interest in what was passing, and of cordial approbation of what the speaker had said. As for Gilbert himself, he felt like one who was living in some strange dream. After the first minute or two, he had become insensible to what was going on around him. All nervousness and diffidence had left him. He saw but indistinctly the crowd which he was addressing. He spoke on almost mechanically—spoke because he *must*, with no hesitation or doubt as to what he should say. Such conditions of feeling as this are not without precedent. In these supreme moments men have fulfilled their parts, and known little or nothing of what they have been doing. It is so in battle, when, in the wild excitement of a charge, the soldier does not know that he is wounded. It is so with some intellectual tasks which men have performed, as it were, in a trance, half conscious only of what they did, yet doing it strangely well, and hardly recognising, when they came to themselves, the work of their own minds.

The lawyers, too, whispered together over this speech for the defence. Mr. Craft was there in court and some of his friends. They were disposed to take a different view of Gilbert's fitness for the profession of advocate to that which they had expressed with so much frankness in Mr. Lethwaite's chambers. One thing that astonished them especially, was that Gilbert's accent had so little, if indeed at all, impaired the effect of his speech. It had hardly been noticed. Much of it had worn off as the young barrister warmed to his work. What remained really mattered not. There are people, who speak with a certain difficulty, who seem to impress what they have to say upon you more strongly than others, who have the gift of an easy flow of words. You feel that men belonging to the first of these classes are never betrayed into saying things because their tongues have run away with them; while with regard to those who come under the second classification, you are not so sure. There was that in Gilbert Penmore's delivery which made his listeners wait

very eagerly for the words that were coming, and which were got at sometimes with some little difficulty.

And now the moment had arrived when the examination of the witnesses for the defence must begin. These were fewer in number than those called for the prosecution, and here, as in the case for the prosecution, there was one of importance beyond all others. What Jane Cantanker had done for the prosecution, Cornelius Vampi must do for the defence, and more. Upon his evidence everything now hinged.

#### A MOST DESIRABLE FAMILY MANSION.

MONSIEUR GODIN-LEMAIRE is the proprietor and manager of an iron-foundry at Guise, near St. Quentin. He is great for his patent mantelpieces of enamelled iron imitating marble, great for his kitchen-ranges, but greater for the benevolent ingenuity that he has shown in providing hearth and home for his seven hundred workmen, and their wives and children. Every invention has a name. The name of M. Godin's Workman's Home is the Familistère. It is the familistery of Guise, or its family mansion; but in English we may as well call it the Workman's Home. Four years ago this Home was established, and its fame is now beginning to reach Paris and London. To Paris it has been described in a pamphlet called *A Study*, by A. Oyon. For London, it has been described by Signor Tito Pagliardini in the *Social Science Review*, and Signor Pagliardini's article has been reprinted for diffusion as a pamphlet, entitled *A Visit to the Familistery*, and published by Mr. G. A. Hutchinson, of Whitefriars-street.

The Workman's Home, founded by M. Godin, consists of two lofty and handsome buildings at one end of the principal street of Guise. A third building is to be added to these. They are not bare and repulsive of aspect, but good specimens of decorative architecture in red brick, with violet edgings, ornamented cornice, pilasters, entablatures, dressings to all the doors and windows. Why should there not be a little taste bestowed upon the construction of a Workman's Home: a little suggestion of the refining home influence, in its very aspect?

The two buildings already erected, form the back and right side of a square; the third building, yet to come, will complete the left side; and two annexes will then complete the square, and give a facility of covered communication between all the buildings. This Family Mansion stands in about fifteen acres of lawn, grove, and garden, on a peninsula formed by the Oise, where a bridge over the river leads to M. Godin's own house on the other side.

Now, if we take one of the blocks of buildings in M. Godin's Workman's Home, and, without describing its arrangements too minutely, look at its principle of construction, we find that it is four stories high, and so built as

to enclose an open square. It has, therefore, abundant openings to light and air. Thick party walls limit the danger of fire, and the walls everywhere are thick enough to secure privacy to every little home within the building. Light balconies, reached by broad and easy staircases, projecting from each story, surround the inner court, and form the way home for the workmen and their families. Each inhabitant goes straight, by way of the balcony, to his own door; the court below is the safe playground of the children, upon whom each of the mothers can look down from the balcony at any time. This court, too, is a great playground, serviceable in all weathers, where there need be little damage to the clothes that the poor parents take so much pains to keep tidy, for its ground is of beaten polished cement, and it is covered in by an immense skylight that rises above the roofs. On grand occasions, as on the festival of the blacksmiths' saint, St. Eloi, or a distribution of prizes, the great playground is transformed into a ball-room, with a band of eighty performers: the band of the Philharmonic Society of this Familistery.

Every set of rooms has a cellar as well as a granary, but there are also underground drains for drying the ground, as well as the amplest provision of the drainage, too commonly wanting in homes of the poor. And, beyond all this, there is a great crypt under the court, connected with a system of free ventilation by continual change of air in the sheltered playground, as well as throughout the buildings. In the hot season the court is watered. The water, raised by steam into great reservoirs at the top of the building, is made also to supply fountains that play on each landing; and the supply of water is in each workman's home so ample, that its consumption by the inmates averages rather more than five gallons a head. There are hot and cold baths, of which gratuitous use is allowed to invalids and children. In fact, the wise founder of these homes has known how, without rules of any sort, to give what is described as "a leading passion" for cleanliness to all who occupy them. The dust-holes are emptied daily; utmost attention is paid to drainage and ventilation, the closets are cleaned three times a day by the women of the establishment, who are employed in the general fight against dirt in the court and in the balconies, and on the stairs, and in the rooms of single men. The married women vie with one another in maintaining complete cleanliness within the threshold of their outer doors.

To the workman's wife, as to the workman, time is money, and she is spared all loss of time in running about the town for supply of domestic wants. On the ground floor of the Home, are retail shops, under the direction of a manager. There, may be bought vegetables, meat, bacon, rabbits, wood and coal, groceries and chandlaries; there, is a dairy; there, is a wine, beer, and cider shop; there, may be bought necessary draperies, shoes, needles and threads, all at wholesale price, with less than a re-

taller's per-cent added, to pay part of the costs of the establishment. All the profit is returned to the good of the Home community, and the labour required goes also to the general good: fit persons among the wives and daughters of the resident workmen being employed in selling, book-keeping, dress and shirt-making, washing, as well as in any other service required. The washing is done in winter, in a laundry and drying-room; in summer, at the laundry by the river; so no damp unwholesome vapours infect the air of the Home. The house-wife in this Workman's Home may save her fuel in summer, or her time in winter, by buying the meals of her household ready cooked at the refreshment-room and restaurant, also attached to the building; or a family may adjourn thither to take any meal. The single man in furnished lodgings, usually gets all his meals at the restaurant, where they cost him from seven-pence-halfpenny to tuppence a day. His furnished room, with linen, bedmaking, sweeping, &c., costs him from six-and-eightpence to eight-and-fourpence a month: generally, less than two shillings a week. There is a dormitory, in which a separate bed can be had for a penny a day. For unfurnished lodging in this nest of homes, the charge is at the rate of three-and-ninepence a month for each room. A home of five rooms and a kitchen, with numerous cupboards and conveniences, costs, free of all taxes and repairs, eighteen pounds a year. It is such a home as, on a third floor in Paris, would be considered cheap at one hundred and twenty pounds a year.

We may be very sure that a manufacturer who has got so far as this, in his notion of a duty to his workpeople, understands that amusement is a necessary aid to health, comfort, and the proper use of life. There belong to the building, therefore, its own place of recreation, with reading and news-room, provided also with chess, draughts, dominoes, and so forth, and well lighted and warmed; a billiard-room; and a refreshment-room. There is also a great practising-room on the ground floor for the Philharmonic Society, whose band delights the children in the court, and the women as they sit at work in the galleries. This Philharmonic Society of the Familiistry is furnished by M. Godin with a professional leader, to secure good training, and the instruments belong to the establishment. But it is a self-governing body, freely admitting amateurs from the town, and enrolling also M. Godin's son among its sociable members. A fête at the Familiistry, with dancing on the smooth pavement of the lighted and decorated court, and this band of eighty in its glory, is a brilliant sight, and all the three galleries around the court are then thronged with the people of Guise, who come to look on.

The workmen of this Home form themselves into a benefit club for medical attendance and sick pay. However clean the bill of health, their doctor comes to the gate every day, to ask whether there be any one who wants his ser-

vices. He is not in much request, for even epidemics in the town pass by the Familiistry, and thus far the infant mortality has been eight per cent below the average.

For the infant in this Home, from birth to two years old, there is—of course within the walls, near every mother at her work, and freely accessible to her at any moment—a well-appointed nursery, called, from poupon, a chubby-faced baby, the Pouponnat. In it are provided elegant iron cradles, furnished with curtains and linen, constantly renewed; baby-food of all sorts is prepared and warmed in an adjoining room; and baby-linen, food, cradle, medical attendance, all, are the free right of the mothers in the Home, who may take their infants in and out as they will, suckle them at home or in the Pouponnat, have them to sleep, at will, at home or in this nursery, where day and night the little ones are carefully tended by wives and daughters of workmen who have taken on themselves that charge. In this nursery a gallery is provided, in which little ones may sit, pull themselves up by a bar, practise themselves in standing, and tumble without hurt. Coloured balls and toys are provided, and there is much baby-prattle, with but little screaming, to be heard.

At two years old, when these little people can walk alone, there is an infant school ready to take charge of them: that school being called, from the Italian word for a very young child, the Bambinat. Here, they are small students until the age of six: being, of course, fed and clothed by their parents. They learn the alphabet to sounds of music, sing their multiplication-table, learn arithmetic with mechanical help, some of the simpler facts of life by help of bright pictures, and copy outline drawings on their slates. They march and sing and use their limbs freely: the Bambinat being a sort of cross between the Kindergarten and the English Infant School.

At six years old, the children of the Familiistry pass from the Bambinat to the School, where they are arranged in four classes, according to attainment. But in the teaching of elder as of younger children, M. Godin rightly accounts it most conducive to good manners and good morals, to teach boys and girls together. Boys sit on one side of the room, girls on the other. M. Godin's right idea is that the young girl of sixteen or eighteen is safest in the constant, open, unmysterious companionship with youth of the other sex; that such intercourse leads to a sense of cousinship and an intimate knowledge of character, which gives, both to a young man and to a young woman, the best chance of marrying a suitable companion.

The boys and girls in the School write from dictation into copy-books with neatness, and with early facility in spelling. All the lessons are unusually well learnt; in part because of the prevalent good spirit; in part because of the honour paid to individual exertion. The first place in a class is given every week, not to the pupil who is naturally quickest, but to the pupil who has taken most pains to do well: marks being

given as rewards of assiduity. In the order of their places—as nearly as may be discovered, of their worth as patient little scholars—the children march in procession to School every morning, under the eyes of their parents. This also is a stimulus to exertion. Exertion, within the power of all, whatever the natural abilities, is the one thing rewarded. Punishments there are absolutely none, except exclusions from reward. Thus, only the children who have given no cause for complaint are taken on Thursday afternoons into the private flower and fruit garden, where the fruits in season are gathered and given to the children who go in. It is a distressing thing to be shut out; but it is the wholesome missing of an extra pleasure that has not been earned. Another reward only attainable by good conduct, and much valued by the children, is permission to spend part of Sunday in the apartment of Mademoiselle Marie, a clever and highly educated young relative of M. Godin's, who superintends generally the Pouponnat, the Bambinat, and the schools. In her room, are toys of all sorts, and there is a bright welcome for those children by whom it has been earned. A young professor from Paris manages the teaching in the higher schools; a workman's wife superintends the infant school; and these all, with the nurses in the Pouponnat, give themselves heart and soul to the enjoyment of the kindly work of true education, which removes oppressive terrors, multiplies encouragements and wholesome influences about the happy child, gives to each one a sound knowledge of the essentials of instruction, including practice for the girls in cookery and household work, and fits them to be happy heads of future families, and faithful workers in the foundry that has tempered their characters and cast them in the best of moulds.

The schooling of all the children of the work-people who occupy M. Godin's most desirable Family Mansion is not said to be given them. Payment is understood to be included in the rent. Care is taken to encourage a right sense of self-dependence, and in all the details of this desirable Family Mansion, the liberty of every tenant is respected. Only nobody is quite free to suffer his child to go untaught, and a penny a day is charged for every child in the Familiestry that is not sent to school. Beyond this, there are no rules and regulations, and these Homes have never yet yielded a case for police interference, or even for the interference of M. Godin or his representative. M. Godin's workmen are not at all bound to live in the Familiestry. Each takes a month's lease of his lodging, and may leave it if he do not like it. He need not buy at the shops provided for his use on the ground floor, if he should think he can do better, or if he should prefer to go into the town. M. Godin merely offers his men the most wholesome form of home he can conceive. They may use it or not use it, or use only as much of it as suits their own convenience. The place is not an almshouse. Liberal as all its arrangements are—bountiful in their regard for every want of life—

the great fact remains behind that the Familiestry is an investment which—including cost of the education given to the young—*pays six per cent.* Its motive was of the noblest, and its success proves its plan to be of the wisest; for not only is it necessary to the wide extension of any good system like this that it should make no demand on human inclinations for self-sacrifice which, as a rule, are weak; but it is necessary that every workman using such a Home should know that he does actually pay for it and live in it without a sacrifice of independence. One important element in the success of M. Godin's scheme is the system of little shops on the ground floor. On first coming, workmen's wives usually keep house in their old way, and hold to their old manner of marketing; but they soon find that they get better and cheaper goods close to their doors, while the profit that is taken on them covers a good many of the general expenses of the place. All dealing at the shops of the Familiestry must be for ready money, or by cheques on the next payment of wages (payment being fortnightly), and the amount of any such cheques is deducted at the time of payment. Thus the people in the Familiestry are not bound to it, as they are often bound to retail shops, by a chain of debt. Between master and men there is no tie but that of mutual regard and human fellowship, which must be strong indeed, when on the master's side there is so thoughtful a sense of it as M. Godin has shown. His Workmen's Homes are so well appreciated, that their rooms fill as fast as they are ready, and two hundred workmen and their families are even now waiting to come in as soon as the progress of the building will enable them to do so.

#### THE TRUE GOLDEN AGE.

CHILDHOOD's the only golden age ;  
Then had I many a fairy vassal,  
Then even the miser who lived on the hill  
Was Giant Despair, of Doubting Castle.

Everything my fancy changed  
To the wonderful dreams of nursery-lore,  
And I walk'd in the fir-tree wood in fear  
Of meeting the Giant Blunderbore.

I dreaded the cat with the brassy eyes  
Glaring with phosphorescent lights ;  
For I knew on such steeds the witches ride ;  
Chasing the moon on the summer nights.

And well I knew that the fern-leaves hid  
Sleeping fairies and elves by dozens,  
And mushrooms sprang wherever there danced  
Titania's chiefs or Oberon's cousins.

The sunset brought me faces grim,  
Glaring out from the fiery doors ;  
And often I saw in the moonlit clouds  
Angels who paced the starry floors.

Now, the rainbow itself seems black ;  
The only giant I meet, is Care ;  
The wolf is growling outside the door,  
And the bailiff's step I hear on the stair.

Childhood's the only golden age;  
Then had I many a fairy vassal,  
Then even the miser who lived on the hill  
Was Giant Despair, of Doubting Castle.

### A RECENT LOUNGE IN DUBLIN.

FINE days, and finer nights too, these for the newsmen—hoarse with shrieking through the streets of Dublin that there are later and yet later editions. For the old custom still obtains there of such stentorian heralds scouring every street and square at nightfall, and of chanting “the great news” obstreperously, as the old watchmen did the hour. Heads of houses—a little languid after dinner, and after the good claret or Rhenish—catch the sound of this declamation with a “God bless me, there must be some news!” and Jeames is presently on the steps, hailing the noisy vendor.

Fine times, too, for the newspaper offices, with enormous placards hung outside, and great crowds gathered, reading over each other’s heads, and a band of vendors shouting against one another, and competing for every buyer. Fine times, too—but not so agreeable—for the machinery inside, thundering and clattering round without a moment’s rest, and rolling out sheet after sheet, as if they were enormous conjurors, drawing yards and yards of white ribbon from their mouths. The air seems so charged with valuable intelligence, with the contending cries of “The J’dge’s charge! *The* great and phowlerful *addressess* of Counshillor Butt!” and “the Defince, and findin’ of the Djury!” Thus, by a little careful attention, and the operation known as “putting this and that together,” it seems that one could save all outlay, and be thus gratuitously supplied with a full oral report of the entire proceedings.

In short, all this shouting and excitement refers to the men of the hour, or perhaps of the moment—the would-be resuscitators of the ancient militia of Ireland, of whom, in a recent number of this Journal, was given a short account.\* So the natives, enrolled by the great Finn, who, it will be remembered, was of the family of Con of the hundred battles, were denominated. The attempts to revive these useful fencibles has been most disastrous for those who supposed that there was a craving for such an organisation. The ground has either been preoccupied by the regular force called out for their twenty-one days’ training, or else there is a dearth of the marvellously gifted men who could walk over rotten branches without a sound, or who could poise heavy rocks in their hands to win brides; and perhaps most of all was wanting a man of the calibre of Finn himself. One endowed with a fiftieth part of the qualifications of that great chief, as set out in panegyrical poems of enormous length, would have been invaluable at such a crisis.

The gentlemen who would restore the arrangement of the old Irish militia, have, as all the world

knows, been unfortunate in their efforts. We have seen how their office was rudely burst into, sacked, and their archives, muster-rolls, &c., carried away. Since then, the prosy operation of judicial retribution has been applied, and the project of founding a grand Irish militia thrown back, hopelessly, for many years. It is hard to import even a little romance into matters of this sort as adventured in our own kingdom. The skies—say even the fogs—are against us. The rare appearance of the soldiery, the sober livery of the officers of the law, the practical manufacturing air of the whole, makes it desperate up-hill work to lift any attempt into the character of “a rising.” In Italy they have the bright skies, the Masaniello background, the Italian opera scenery, and the red shirts. The original Finns wore saffron shirts; but this is scarcely a fast colour. In this matter of romance, the militia project had been all but shipwrecked, but for a recent providential escape effected under circumstances of some skill and daring.

The stranger or tourist who now visits Dublin and walks through its spacious and handsome modern quarter, Sackville-street, broadest of Broadways, where now trees are being planted (and there are people alive who remember two rows of noble chesnut-trees, known as the Mall, where “fashionables” of that day used to alight from their coaches and walk), the squares Merrion and Fitzwilliam, and the Greater Green, where gentlemen were then shooting snipe—strangers would not suspect that the select and desirable quarter which “persons of quality” affected, was then far off, down in the meaner slums, the narrow lanes, and fetid alleys, which spread out near the Four Courts. Here used to be the theatres and the assembly-rooms, and the houses of chief justices and chancellors, now become tenements almost in a state of leprosy, and swarming with flocks of lodgers. Here, that Tate Wilkinson, the actor, first landed some hundred and twenty years ago, was bewildered by the block of rattling coaches and the gorgeous dresses of the ladies and the running footmen carrying flambeaux, and thought he had never seen such a sight. Here, in a mean slum by the river, marked by a broken arch, was the “Smock Alley Theatre,” where Garrick played to such crowded and heated audiences, that an epidemic for which he was said to be thus accountable, was named after him. Here it was that on a dark night, when Lord Kilwarden, the chief justice, was going home in his coach to a fine house in another mean lane, a rebellion broke out on the spot, and he was dragged from his coach and murdered. Here, too, is the CASTLE OF DUBLIN, where are the guard mountings, and the levees, and the drawing-rooms *by night*, and the balls, and the St. Patrick’s night ball, to some twelve hundred people, all in court dresses, where the feathers, and the lappets, and the trains, and the toupees, and the white stockings and ruffles, all fly round in a mêlée to the Guards’ Valse. And here, too, crossing Essex Bridge, and striking off in another unsavoury direction, we

\* See page 300 of the present volume.

come to GREEN-STREET, where there is a rude frowning old-fashioned Newgate—exact twin sister to London Newgate—and where there are a crowd, and lights, and countless police.

It is about seven o'clock in the evening. I stop a moment, and the one word that is in most mouths and comes uppermost in each conversation—"Faynian"—would explain the whole. The restorers of the old Irish militia are being tried within. A weary day is over. The newsboys are hoarse with proclamation of the work done; and here are the black vans come to take away the prisoners to their prison. I am just in time.

The procession is worth seeing. It has the air of nothing seen before; but most of all resembling a grotesque funeral. His was surely a mortuary mind—the coachmaker's—who devised the prison van, with the view, no doubt, that even as he travelled the prisoner might not lose the feeling that he was still in jail. It is like a nightmare, to see two enormous black vans driven by men in black, and with black conductors at the door, galloping at full speed, with hussars in front, behind, and on every side—with funeral police in long dark cloaks riding behind, and a train of outside cars "bowling" along, each crowded with policemen. Which would seem to countenance the theory that everything in Ireland is constructed with an administrative view; for these vehicles would appear to have come into being with exactly this object—to be sat on by policemen in charge of a criminal, who can go in front in his own proper carriage, while his guardians can follow in easy attitudes, with their eyes well on him, so that they can jump off all at once, and at a second's notice, on the least symptom of danger. The whole is a strange and wild procession. It is like an Irish legend; and as the cavalcade sweeps by through dangerous districts, where the inhabitants are collected to see the show, and swarm down from the attics of the chief justice and chancellors of a hundred years ago—wild men and women, looking still wilder under the flaring gas, fresh from steaming and unhealthy pursuits; and as the vans reel round the corners there rise cheers and cries, and stones begin to fly, falling on the exposed police, who thus discover that their ears, however excellent as ottomans, have still disadvantages.

On some of these days when there is a luckless conspirator on his trial, I enter the court—though indeed this is a matter of difficulty, for the whole place is encumbered with enormous policemen, all six feet high and bearded, looking like heavy dragoons in disguise; and these persons so swarm at the gates and passages, at the corners, and on the steps, that the eye seems to be affected for a long time afterwards, and can see nothing but dark blue patches and white spectral numbering.

And here, now, is the court itself, which looks like a large amphitheatre, with a dark unpleasant little well in the centre that seems very deep, and from which diligent police draw prisoners just as they might come and draw water. An unhappy conspirator has been brought to the surface—

swart, Italian-looking, with plenty of black hair well tossed back. Two judges in scarlet—a refreshing bit of colour in all that gloom—and the "counsellors" down in a little cockpit of theirs, where indeed many a "main" is fought, and fought well; where they flutter their briefs like feathers at each other, and drive cruel and sarcastic spurs into each other's brains, and peck each other soundly, and finally give a crow of victory when the battle is over and the victory won. And here again the police element is overpowering, overflowing from galleries to dock, from dock to cockpit, from cockpit to jury-box. In the gallery there is certainly a well-dressed crowd of loyal citizens, and countrymen and agriculturists. But as the agriculturists all wear heavy moustaches and beards, and as the clothes of the agriculturists have a new and "stagey" air—being clearly "properties" from the police green-room—it is not uncharitable to suppose that these simple rustics and "virtuous peasants" (for there is a red waistcoat or two) are authorised masqueraders. Everything seems tintured with police. Even the judges come down to court with mounted policemen cantering about their carriages, and go home, when the day is done, attended by the same secure and cheerful company.

In Irish political trials there is a regular performer, who always comes on and lends a specially dramatic interest to the whole. This is the Informer, as he is known to the crowd: the Approver, as he is more courteously known to the law. It is dramatic to see this actor's entrance; his furtive glance at the galleries, as if there were enemies there, ready to spring on him; his timorous answers to the almost contemptuous questioning of the Crown lawyers, who seem anxious to have done with the "dirty work"; his gradual gathering of confidence as he feels safe; his cowering look as the prisoners' counsel advance to grapple with him; his fawning explanations and self-justification; his falling back on brazen impudence and bravado as he is obliged to confess some fresh piece of treachery; his half-savage and defiant confession as he is brought to bay and the truth wrung from him; and the bitter scowl of secret rage at the skilful counsel who has forced him to make a degrading picture of himself. It were almost to be wished that this mode of proving guilt were not known to our law; though it must be admitted that it is always introduced with reluctance, and thrown in as a make-weight; and that on this occasion all parties concerned seemed to rest very little on the "Informer's" assistance.

More dramatic, too, as the night of the long weary day draws on, and the lamps are lighted; when the unwearied judges still take their notes with unslackening assiduity, and the counsel—unwearied, too, in voice, wit, wisdom, energy, and vigilance—declaim and debate as freshly and as vigorously as in the morning: though the Conspirator, up to his middle in his cold well, is long weary in body, and yet more weary and heart-sick in mind, and perhaps wishes over and over again

that the hopless struggle would end once for all, and that he might sink down to the very bottom of the dark waters of his well. Surely if to the man who saves another's life by defence with a strong arm and sword, peculiar recognition is due, much honour is due to the lawyer fighting for his charge hour by hour, inch by inch—never faltering—struggling against hopelessness of success, and to the very end making desperate battle. And there is a skill and artful method lurking under all the vain—as it would seem—skirmishing, that attends on State prosecutions; for with this fencing about, "challenging," "panels," "pleas in abatement," and the like, succeeding one another, it might appear, with a foolish and profitless succession—the artful counsel may fetch the Crown advocates some little prick or puncture through their armour which at the moment may not be perceived—or if perceived and submitted to the Physician presiding, may be dismissed as "nothing"—but which, when submitted after the verdict to the Great College of Judicial Physicians, may be found to be a palpable hit and fatal stab to the indictment.

Finally, the work is done. The conspirator has his little dramatic finish, his bit of heroism, before sinking down. That speaking of the speech and protest against sentence being passed, is always a little comfort, which it would be hard to grudge any prisoner; and our conspirator does his part with good effect. Then comes the Sentence. Down is he drawn to the very bottom of the waters of the well, never to reappear. The show is over—the play is played out—the finery and tinsel of "risings," "uniforms," "pikes," "tyranny," and what not, fade and crumble into powder. Now come the grim prison walls where the soldiers are waiting, and the grey convict clothing.

It is curious to be in a city of so many old departed glories, though they now seem a little theatrical. Think of the Parliament, a House of Lords and Commons, voting money and supplies, and with a series of Lords' and Commons' journals, sumptuous folios—"huge armfuls," Elia would say—that would delight a bibliomaniac. Think of the huge coffee-house, or gaming club-house—"Daly's"—next door, now partitioned into insurance offices—where estates were lost and won; where strange duels were "arranged;" whether one Honourable Member, having told another Honourable Member "that he had the heart of a toad," and was, besides, "the auctioneer of his country," deriving his remoter ancestry from "the mixed throng that with Romulus and Remus were the early founders of Rome," adjourned promptly, to settle a meeting by the agency of "friends." Every corner of it has some historic memory. Swift—Grattan—Trinity; even that College-green where the equestrian William sits on a bronze horse (with a bent fore-leg, which, on measurement, is found to be nearly a foot longer than the other three—but this steed is of English breed), and where, with a boastful inscription, he preaches a Glorious and Pious Memory. Round this statue

have been endless battles—"Town and Gown" riots—Gown walking in reverent procession round the Deliverer, and Town inflamed to fury by the homage. At last one night people were awakened by an explosion, and in the morning the Deliverer's saddle was found empty. He had been unhorsed. The steed was there, riderless. The head of the Deliverer had been blown to a field more than a mile away; his limbs were recovered in various portions of the city. The whole were carefully collected and put together, and the Deliverer remounted. Will it be credited, that down to fourteen years ago, it was the custom, on the arrival of a new lord-lieutenant, for a regiment to be formed in square round this contested statue, and, at a given signal, fire three volleys in honour of the Glorious and Pious Memory?

About this old city are many pleasant walks, by sea, and through green lanes, which have a pleasant variety. By sea, for instance, taking that long pier, which makes one side of the port, and was considered a stupendous engineering work in its day, constructed by the old Irish parliament, and which stretches some miles out. You can get as fine a bath of sea-air there, as man could desire. It is only a few feet above the water, has no parapet, so that with a full tide, and on a breezy day, you seem to be walking through the sea, and it becomes a business of peril to "dodge" the breakers. Near the end, bulges out that old fort called so oddly the Pigeon House—all on the old model, with the old uneffective defences and ancient carronades, and where was the old Custom Houses in the days of the Irish parliament, where the packets from Parkgate arrived. A very pleasant walk indeed, and from this pier you look out on the great bay, so often likened to that of Naples, and the Hill of Howth opposite, and Ireland's Eye where the dramatic Kirwan murder was done, and to the Kingstown harbour, which glitters afar off, out of which the packets are always steaming back and forwards.

Of a Sunday, only a few days back, I walked out in this direction; and it had the charm of being a lonely and solitary walk. The previous night had been an angry one, and the waves were heavy and sullen, and the breeze was sharp and strong, and far off the "white horses" were riding about furiously. The long pier did not seem encouraging. But, pushing on to get a nearer view, I found the old Pigeon House altogether metamorphosed. It was like a pantomime trick. Some military harlequin had come with his wand and touched the place. There were stockades and outposts. The old guns had been furbished up, and their old open jaws grinned down the road with an air of menace. The battlements glittered with soldiers, and the drawbridge was up. The long pier was in a state of siege, and all access hopelessly cut off. This abridgment of a favourite walk, I set down to the account of the Ogre, Fenianism.

Turning back, I found, half way down the unabridged portion of the pier, a little "slip,"

where boats come up, and land and take off passengers; persons with a lively interest in oysters affect this spot a good deal. But I found the oyster interest shaken to its centre on this occasion by the signs of the times, and mysteriously discussing a remarkable embarkation supposed to have taken place the night before. At this very point, and on this very morning, the arch-Fenian was said to have embarked in an open fishing-boat, and to have been pulled by strong fishing arms out to a Liverpool yacht lying far off in the bay. This was importing the romance of *the sea* into the business; it brought on the old dramatic flavour of old days, when gentlemen, with cloaks over their French uniforms, "hung about" the coast, and were "taken off" by suspicious-looking luggers. The seafaring men—of a curious boat-building, shell-fish sort of half dock, half village, close by, and called Ringsend—think it must have been a tough job on such a night for an open boat, but incline to the belief that it could be done. That it was done is probable enough, if one may trust one-half of the flying rumours, or the passenger who was walking the deck of the mail-packet that morning at about three o'clock, and saw a yacht, with every "stitch" of canvas spread, flying before the gale; or that villa-proprietor on the coast, who, looking from his window at about the same hour, saw the yacht putting out to sea.

Thus disappointed in a sea-walk, I come round inland, and make for the Circular-road. Here, after diligent walking, I come to what is called, after a good pattern, The Bridewell: one of the few significant and racy old words left. Here, again, is the crowd looking and studying this blank pile with extraordinary interest—not at the inscription cut in stone over the door, with which they are familiar enough—"CEASE TO DO EVIL, LEARN TO DO WELL!"—but discussing the flight of the arch-conspirator with extraordinary satisfaction. This is a Bridewell of the old theatrical pattern, with iron doors, and tortuous passages, and an immense quantity of keys and locking up, and not constructed on the modern model, so fatally simple, and so hopelessly impracticable in matters of escape.

If I want information about this place of duresse, I can surely have it from a pro-Fenian journal, sold in large quantities, and written up to fine dramatic pitch of exaltation suited to the occasion. Behold the tempting bill of fare, "displayed" after the American fashion in its columns.

#### ESCAPE OF STEPHENS!

RELEASED BY CONFEDERATES ON THE PRISON

STAFF!

FALSE KEYS!

ALL POORS OPEN, OPENED FOR HIM, AND HE  
ESCAPES WITH EASE!

CONSUMMATE ABILITY OF THE PLOT!

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT IN THE CITY!

ALARM AND DISMAY OF THE GOVERNMENT!

Goodly promise! The details are broken into

chapters, headed "THE FIRST TIDINGS IN THE CITY," "THE ESCAPE!" "HOW THE ESCAPE WAS DISCOVERED." "THE VAIN PURSUIT!" "PANIC RUMOURS!" No wonder that "the government and its friends feel like men standing above a deadly mine," and that "the sympathisers with Fenianism, irrepressible in their exultation, went about with *fixed eye* and flushed face *clutching each other's hands*." Not unnaturally, "the members of the police force—the *detective force especially*—looked like men crushed, defeated, humiliated." This same journal had promised a Portrait of the "Escaped," but, under circumstances of delicacy—"events which have transpired since our first edition went to press"—the journal is compelled to withhold the portrait, as being possibly unfair to the interests of the gentleman now at large. But, to make up for the disappointment, "A VIEW OF THE SCENE OF THE ESCAPE, drawn for this journal by our special artist," was to be ready with the next impression. Purchasing the "next impression," I confess to fresh disappointment in finding a mere bald "ground-plan" of the Bridewell put forward "as the scene of the escape, drawn by our special artist."

But another journal is not inclined to allow a monopoly of sensation to a rival, and has "headings" also of this pattern: "THE ESCAPE," "WHAT IT WAS THE MORNING AFTER," "MORALISING ABOUT IT," "HOW WAS IT DONE?" "WHERE SUSPICION POINTS," "AVOIDING FELON-SETTING," "HOW STEPHENS TOOK IT," "WHAT RUMOUR SAYS," "THE HOUR OF THE DEED!"

The same journal has an artist taking "pen-and-pencil notes." These notes are broken up, according to the proper model, to give effect. As a little problem, the reader may set himself to devise how he would describe the scene "AROUND THE COURT!"—Thus, in Capel-street the tide of the city's human ocean seems to set with constant flow, and through these narrow approaches to the court, *that of Little Britain-street, and that by which Green-street is reached from North King-street, it is choked and impeded with its density*. It is with difficulty that crowd of sullen men is threaded," &c.

The next scene is "IN THE COURT."—How empty that gallery, those side seats, *that passage on either side*! The sketcher notices the wife of the prisoner. "Her husband is in the dock to-day! God keep you strong, O warm-hearted daughter of Innisfail; for yours, after all, is a sore strait and *dire travail* this winter morning, and love stronger than death *must be quivering your heart-strings as he plays them with painful touch to melodies that make the eyes run over, and the throat full to choking. I will not look at you any more, but wish you well*," &c.

"SILENCE IN THE COURT" is illustrated thus: "THE HARSH VOICE of the crier recalls me to the scene around."

Next picture is "THE GLADIATORS."—There they are, with piles of briefs before them: pulling more still out of their bags, and arranging the

calf-covered tomes that strew the table before them." One of the "Gladiators" is the counsel for the prisoner: "I gaze on his face in this November morning. *This is a God in Israel, a Boanerges in the law, and how mighty must thou have been in thy pride and power before whom his arguments were burst like burning tow for a captive's gyres.*" (What does this mean?) Another counsel is the best "to turn a judge from his *peccadilloes* with a midriff tickling joke—the best to catch a *legal hiatus* and drive a coach-and-four through the gap;" both of which wonderful performances would be worth seeing "in" any November morning.

These are some few flowers of the fine writing brought out by the late "movement." A little too much of this "fine" writing, this remembrance of Erin of the Days of Old (welcome enough in a melody at the piano), this ringing the changes on "Tyranny," "Saxon oppressors," and the like! It has led to the bitter and prosy end of penal servitude through long monotonous wearisome years, with no shine upon them, and no stage-gilding whatever. O for the patriotism that will look more to the physical wants of the country and less to its politics—that will aid and foster everything that will tend to the improvement of the people, and that will bring money into the land—and O for the patriotism that will be "down" on the disturber of harmony—be he Trojan or Tyrian, Papist or Orangeman—with the same impartial hand!

## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY."

### CHAPTER XCV. BROUGHT TO BAY.

WITH closed windows, lighted lamp, and curtains jealously drawn, Saxon Trefalden and Mr. Guthrie sat together, ominously silent, in the larger salon of the Château de Peyrolles. On the table were placed pens, paper, and ink. The ante-room was left in darkness, and the folding-doors between stood a little apart. All was very still—in the house no voice, no footfall, no sound of life; out of doors, nothing but the weary moaning of the wind, and the creaking of the weathercocks upon the turrets overhead.

They were waiting for William Trefalden.

Miss Rivière had withdrawn to her chamber, partly to escape all sight or hearing of the coming interview, and partly to make such slight preparation as might be necessary before leaving the château; the clergyman having promptly volunteered to find her a temporary asylum with the family of an English merchant settled at Bordeaux. It was therefore arranged that the carriage should be in readiness at the back entrance shortly after seven o'clock; and then, as soon as was practicable, they were all three to hasten back to Bordeaux as fast as Saxon's post-horses could carry them. In the mean while the appointed hour came and went, the two men waited, and still no William Trefalden made his appearance.

Presently the pendule on the mantelshelf chimed the quarter.

Mr. Guthrie looked at his watch. Saxon rose, went over to the nearest window, pushed aside the curtain, and looked out. It was now dusk; but there was still a pale, lurid gleam upon the horizon, by the light of which the young man could see the great clouds rolling together overhead, like the mustering of many armies.

"It will be a wild night," he said, as he resumed his chair.

"Hush!" replied the clergyman. "I hear wheels."

They listened; but the vehicle came along at a foot-pace, and went slowly round by the yard at the back of the château.

"It is only our own post-chaise," said Saxon.

And then they were again silent.

Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, and the pendule chimed again. It was now half-past seven.

All at once, Saxon held up his hand, and bent his head attentively.

"I hear nothing," said the clergyman.

"I hear a carriage and pair—coming very quickly—from the direction of Bordeaux!"

Mr. Guthrie smiled doubtfully; but Saxon's trained ear could not be deceived. In another moment the sound became faintly audible, then grew gradually louder, and ceased at last before the gates of the château.

Saxon looked out again.

"I see the carriage outside the gates," he said. "They are opened by a boy carrying a lantern. He alights—he pays the driver—he crosses the court-yard—the carriage drives away. He is here!"

With this he dropped the curtain and turned down the lamp, so as to leave the room in half-shadow; while Mr. Guthrie, in accordance with their preconcerted plan, went out into the dark ante-room, and took up his station close against the door.

Presently they heard William Trefalden's voice chatting pleasantly with the housekeeper in the hall, and then his footsteps on the stairs. Outside the door he seemed to pause for an instant, then turned the handle and came in. Finding himself in the dark, he deposited something heavy on the floor, and, guided by the narrow line of light between the folding-doors, moved towards the second salon. As he did this, Mr. Guthrie softly locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Slight as the sound was, the lawyer heard it.

"What's that?" he said quickly, and stopped half way.

He listened, holding his breath the while; then sprang forward, threw the doors open, and passed into the adjoining room.

As he did so, Saxon turned on the full light of the table-lamp, and the two men stood suddenly revealed to each other face to face.

"At last—traitor!"

A frightful pallor—that deadly pallor which is

born not of fear but of hatred—spread itself slowly over William Trefalden's countenance, and there remained. No other sign betrayed the tumult within. Haughty as an Indian at the stake, he folded his arms, and met his cousin's eye unflinchingly.

Thus they stood for a second or two, both silent. Then Mr. Guthrie came in from the ante-room, shut the folding-doors, and took his seat at the table; while Saxon resumed his former place, and, pointing to a chair standing apart from the rest, said:

"Please to sit there, William Trefalden."

The lawyer, with a sharp glance of recognition at the clergyman, flung himself into the chair.

"May I ask what this means?" he said, contemptuously. "An amateur Star Chamber?"

"It means justice and retribution," replied Saxon, sternly.

Mr. Trefalden smiled, leaned back in his chair, and waited for what should come next. He knew that all was over. He knew that his fairy gold had turned to withered leaves, and that the paradise of his dreams had suddenly vanished away, leaving in its place only the endless desert and the burning sands. He knew that the edifice which he had been rearing month after month with such consummate skill, was shattered to dust—that the die on which he had staked reputation, country, personal safety, and his whole worldly future, had turned up a blank at the very moment when he believed the prize his own. He knew that Helen Rivière would never, never now be wife of his; would never grace his home and gladden his heart with her smiles; never learn to give him love for love, in all the weary years that were to come! He knew that from this time forth he was a marked man, a branded felon, dependent on the mercy of the kinsman whom he had betrayed; and yet, knowing all this, his self-command never wavered, his eye never quailed, his voice never faltered for an instant. He was desperate; but his pride and his courage were at least equal to his despair.

Saxon, sitting at the head of the table with his head leaning on his hand, looked down for some moments in silence.

"I have not much to say to you, William Trefalden," he began presently; "and what little I have to say must be said briefly. To reproach one who could act as you have acted would be idle. If you had any heart to be touched, any sense of honour to be awakened, neither you nor I would be sitting here to-night."

Still smiling scornfully, the lawyer listened, apparently with the greatest indifference.

"To keep, then, to plain facts," continued the young man, "you have defrauded me of two millions of money; you have that money in your possession; you are at this moment my prisoner; and I have but to call in the aid of the village police, and convey you to Bordeaux in the carriage which now waits below for that purpose. Such is your position, and such is mine. But I

am unwilling to push matters to extremity. I am unwilling to attach public scandal to the name which you are the first of our family to disgrace. For my uncle's sake and my own, and from respect to the memory of many generations of honest men, I have decided to offer you a fair alternative."

He paused and referred to a slip of paper lying beside him on the table.

"In the first place," he continued, "I require you to restore the money of which you have robbed me. In the second place, you must sign a full confession of your guilt, both as regards the two millions stolen from myself, and the twenty-five thousand pounds of which you have defrauded the Earl of Castletowers. In the third place, you must betake yourself to America, and never again be seen on this side the Atlantic. If you agree to these conditions, I consent to screen you from the law, and will give you the sum of one thousand pounds to help you forward honestly in the new life before you."

"And supposing that I decline the conditions," said Mr. Trefalden, calmly. "What then?"

"Then I simply ring this bell, and the boy who just now opened the gates to you will at once summon a couple of sergents de ville from the village."

The lawyer only elevated his eyebrows in the least perceptible degree.

"Your decision, if you please."

"My decision?" replied Mr. Trefalden, with as much apparent indifference as if the subject under consideration were the binding of a book or the framing of a picture. "Well—it appears to me that I am allowed no freedom of choice."

"Am I to understand that you accept my conditions?"

"I suppose so."

"Where, then, is the money?"

"In the adjoining room. You have but to take possession of it."

Mr. Guthrie rose, fetched the carpet-bag, and placed it on the table.

"Your keys, if you please."

William Trefalden produced three small keys on a ring, and handed them to the clergyman.

"You will find the money excellently invested," he said, looking on with unruffled composure while the bag, the deed-box, and the cash-box were successively opened. The contents of the last were then turned out upon the table, and Mr. Guthrie, with a view to ascertaining whether the whole sum was actually there represented, proceeded to examine each item separately. But he found, after a very few minutes, that the attempt was fruitless. The notes and specie offered no difficulties, but of notes and specie there was, comparatively, but a small proportion, while the bulk of the booty consisted of securities of the value of which he could form no opinion, and precious stones which it would have needed a lapidary's knowledge to appraise.

"I confess," he said, "that I am wholly un-

equal to the task of verifying this money. It needs a better man of business than myself."

"Then it must go unverified," said Saxon, taking up rouleaux and papers as they came, and thrusting them back again, pell-mell, into the box. "I am no man of business myself, and I cannot prolong this painful investigation beyond to-night. We will go on to the declaration."

"If you will tell me what you wish said, I will draw it up for you," said Mr. Guthrie.

Saxon then whispered his instructions, and the clergyman's pen ran swiftly over the paper. When it was all written, he read the declaration aloud.

"I, William Trefalden, of Chancery-lane, London, attorney-at-law, do acknowledge and confess to having obtained the sum of two millions sterling from my cousin, Saxon Trefalden, of Switzerland, with intent to defraud him of the same; and I confess to having deceived him with the belief that I had invested it for his use and advantage in the shares of a certain supposititious Company, which Company had no actual existence, but was wholly invented and imagined by myself to serve my own fraudulent ends. I also confess to having invested those two millions in such foreign and other securities as I conceived would turn to my own future profit, and to having fled from England with the whole of the property thus abstracted, intending to escape therewith to the United States of America, and appropriate the same to my own purposes.

"I likewise confess to having, two years since, received the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds from my client, Gervase Leopold Wynnecliffe, Earl of Castletowers, which sum it was my duty to have straightway paid over into the hands of Oliver Behrens, Esq., of Bread-street, London, for the liquidation of a mortgage debt contracted by Lord Castletowers some four years previously; but which sum I did, nevertheless, appropriate to my own uses, continuing to pay only the interest thereof, as heretofore, in the name of my client.

"And I allege that this confession, both as regards the offence committed by me against my cousin, Saxon Trefalden, of Switzerland, and as regards the offence committed by me against my client, the Earl of Castletowers, is in all respects substantially and absolutely true, as witness my signature, given in presence of the under-mentioned witnesses, this twenty-second day of September, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and sixty."

Mr. Guthrie, having read the statement through, passed it across the table. William Trefalden, still leaning back carelessly in his chair, affected to smile at the lawyer-like way in which the clergyman had rounded his sentences, but, as the reading proceeded, frowned, and beat his heel impatiently upon the polished floor.

Saxon pushed the inkstand towards him.

"Your signature," he said.

The lawyer rose—took up a pen—dipped it in the ink—hesitated—and then, with a sudden

movement of disdain, flung it back upon the table.

"You have your money," he said, impatiently. "What more can you want?"

"I require the evidence of your guilt."

"I cannot—will not sign it. Take your money, in God's name, and let me go!"

Saxon rose, pale and implacable; his hand upon the bell.

"The alternative lies before you," he said. "Sign, or I give the signal."

William Trefalden cast a hasty glance about the room, as if looking for some weapon whereby to slake the hatred that glittered in his eye; then, muttering a fierce oath between his teeth, snatched up the pen, and, as it were, dug his name into the paper.

"There, curse you!" he said, savagely. "Are you satisfied?"

Mr. Guthrie affixed his own signature as witness to the confession, and Saxon did the same.

"Yes," the young man replied, "I am satisfied. It only remains for me to fulfil my share of the compact."

And he selected Bank of England notes to the value of one thousand pounds.

The lawyer deliberately tore them into as many fragments.

"I would die a dozen deaths," he said, "sooner than owe a crust to your bounty."

"As you please. At all events, you are now free."

Hereupon Mr. Guthrie rose, took the key from his pocket, and unlocked the outer door. The lawyer followed him. On the threshold he turned.

"Saxon Trefalden," he said, in a low, deep, concentrated tone, "if ever man hated man, I hate you. I hated you before I ever beheld you, and I have hated you with a tenfold hatred from the hour when we first met face to face. Remember that. Remember that my deadly curse will be upon you and about you all the days of your life—upon your children, and upon your children's children—upon your marriage-bed, and your death-bed, and your grave. There is no sorrow, no disease, no shame, that I do not pray may embitter your life, and blast your name in this world—no extremity of despair and anguish which I do not hope may fall to your portion in the next. Take this for my farewell."

There was something frightful in the absence of all passion and fury, in the cold, calm, deliberate emphasis with which William Trefalden uttered this parting malediction; but Saxon heard it with a face of solemn pity and wonder, and looked at him steadily from the first word to the last.

"May God forgive you as I do," he then said devoutly. "May God in his infinite mercy forgive you and pity you, and soften your heart, and not visit those curses upon your own unhappy head."

But William Trefalden was already gone, and heard no word of his cousin's pardon.

## CHAPTER XCVI. GONE!

STEADILY, sternly, William Trefalden went down the broad stone stairs and into the hall. Here the housekeeper, coming from the empty dining-room and wondering what great trouble was in the house, started at the sight of him, as if he were a ghost. He passed her as he would have passed a tree by the roadside, took his hat mechanically, and went out. At the gates he paused. The key was on the inside; but he fumbled with it confusedly, and could not turn the lock. The housekeeper, looking after him with a sort of vague terror, called to Jacques to open the gates for monsieur; whereupon Jacques, clattering across the yard in his sabots, came running, lantern in hand, and turned the key in an instant.

Monsieur passed out into the lane like a man in a dream, and having gone a few steps, stood still and leaned against the wall. The wind blew fiercely, bringing heavy drops of rain with it every now and again; but of this he seemed unconscious. Then he went slowly down the lane and out upon the high road. To the right lay Bordeaux, a good ten miles away; to the left, bordering the road for some little distance on either side, but lying for the most part somewhat back among the vineyards, came the village. He stopped, walked a few yards in this direction, a few yards in that, and then stopped again, feeling faint and stunned, and all unlike himself.

It was a case of reaction, mental and physical. He had gone through a terrific ordeal, and it had now begun to tell upon him, body and brain. Dimly conscious of this, he tried to collect his thoughts—tried to consider what it was that he wanted to do, and which way he should go next. Then he suddenly remembered that he had been travelling since noon, and had not dined that day. He would go to the auberge in the village, and there get some food and some brandy—above all, some brandy. It would put life into him; steady him; lift this weight from his brain, and restore him to himself.

Acting upon this instinct, he made his way to the *Lion d'Or*. Two old peasants, chatting over their half bottle of thin red wine in a corner of the public room, looked up as he came in; and the master of the house, recognising the English monsieur, who was to occupy his best bed-chamber that night, left his game of dominoes and rose respectfully. Did monsieur desire to see his room? The room was quite ready, and he thought monsieur would be content with it. Could monsieur have refreshment? Without doubt. Monsieur could have whatever refreshment he pleased—a cutlet, an omelette, a dish of ham, a fowl even, if monsieur did not object to wait while it was cooked. Good; a cutlet—a cutlet and some cognac. He had excellent cognac; vieux cognac, if monsieur indeed preferred it to wine. Monsieur should be served immediately. The cutlet would not take five minutes to prepare. In the mean while, would monsieur be pleased to occupy this small table by the window.

William Trefalden dropped into the chair placed for him by the landlord, and there sat in a kind of stupor—his hat on, his elbows resting on the table, his chin supported on his hands. His hair and clothes were damp; his feet were deadly cold; his teeth chattered: but of all this he was wholly unconscious. He only knew that he felt crushed and paralysed, that he wanted to think of something and had no power to do so, that the brandy would put him straight—the brandy! the brandy!

He called for it impatiently, and while the landlord went to fetch it, fell to wondering again what the thing was that he failed so strangely to remember. It tormented him. It haunted him. He seemed ever on the point of seizing it, and, failing to seize it, groped about in a kind of mental darkness that was inexpressibly painful.

Then the brandy came—about a quarter of a pint in a tiny decanter, accompanied by a liqueur glass equally diminutive. He pushed the glass angrily aside, poured the whole of the spirit into a tumbler, and drank it at a draught. It went down his throat like fire; but he had no sooner swallowed it than the pressure on his brain was relieved. After a few moments he felt warmer, steadier. Then his thoughts cleared suddenly. He remembered all that had happened; and with memory came back the whole flood of rage, grief, hatred, love, despair!

He knew now what the thought was—that vague thought which had so oppressed and eluded him a few moments since. It was vengeance.

Ay, vengeance. Bitter, deadly, terrible vengeance—vengeance swift and bloody! He told himself that he would have it, be the cost what it might. He would give his own life for it willingly, and count it cheaply purchased. The word mounted to his brain, throbbed in his pulse, tingled in his ears, mastered and took possession of him, like a fiend.

He knew that he must plan his vengeance quickly. It must be planned, prepared, executed at once. The blow must fall as suddenly and fatally as the shaft of the lightning. How was this to be done? With what weapon?

The landlord came bustling in with a pile of covered plates in his hands and a napkin under his arm. Monsieur's dinner. Monsieur would find that the cook had done her best at so short a notice. Here was a little soup; here also were outlets, fried potatoes, and a dish of beans. The omelette would be ready for monsieur as soon as monsieur was ready for the omelette.

But William Trefalden was in no state to do justice to the fare before him. He tasted the soup, and pushed it aside. He tried to taste the meat, but set the morsel down without putting it to his lips. The brandy had supplied him with a factitious strength, and he now loathed the sight and smell of solid food. One thing he took, however, from the dinner-table—a knife.

He watched his moment, and slipped it up his sleeve when no one was observing him. It was a short black-handled knife, worn to an edge on

both sides—a knife that was to all intents and purposes a dagger.

This done, he rapped impatiently for the landlord, bade him remove the dishes, and called for more brandy.

The landlord was distressed beyond measure. Was not the soup to monsieur's taste? Were not the cutlets tender? Would not monsieur permit him to bring the omelette? Hélas! was monsieur finding himself ill? Would monsieur choose a cup of tea? More cognac? Good. Monsieur should have it immediately.

The cognac was brought, and he drank again eagerly; this time from a wine-glass. The craving for it was irresistible. It was a second-rate spirit, more fiery than strong; but it stimulated him; spurred him to his purpose; nerved his arm and quickened his brain. For all this, he was not intoxicated. He felt that he could drink a bottle of it without producing that result. So he drank, and drank again; and as he drank, the fire coursed through his veins till at last he felt that he could sit there, brooding and silent, no longer.

He rose and went out hurriedly. The two old peasants shook their heads over their wine and looked after him. Diable! There was surely something strange about the man. Was he ill? Or mad? Or had he drunk too much cognac? Bah! was he not an Englishman, and used to it? Englishmen, look you, mon voisin, drink cognac like water!

The rain was now driving furiously before the wind, and sweeping down the road in great gusts, before which the poplars moaned and shivered like living things. What with the sudden shock of cooler air, and what with the fever in his blood, the lawyer reeled at first meeting the wind and rain, and could scarcely keep his feet. But this was only for a moment. He recovered himself instantly, and fighting his way in the teeth of the storm, crept under the lee of the houses till he came to the side road leading to the Château de Peyrolles. He found it with difficulty, for the night was pitch-dark and the rain blinding. On the high road where all was open, it was yet possible to see a few feet in advance; but here in the lane, shut in by trees and high walls on both sides, he could only feel his way along like a blind man.

At length he came upon the gates. They were again locked upon the inside. He tried them—tried to slip his hand between the bars and turn the key in the lock; but the bars were too close, and he could not get his fingers far enough. Then he stopped, clinging to the gate with both hands, and staring in. The darkness was so intense that he could not distinguish the outline of the house; but he saw lights still burning in some of the rooms. One in an upper chamber especially fixed his attention. Was that window hers?

Oh! the passion, the despair, the desperate longing that seized upon him at this thought! If he could but see her once again!—see her;

speak to her; touch her hand; tell her how, though false to all the world beside, he had been true at least to her from first to last! He felt that he had never half told her how he loved her. He had never even kissed her—never once; for his respect had been as profound as his love, and from one so young, so helpless, so bereaved, he had not dared to claim the smallest privilege of a lover. He felt now that he would give his soul to clasp her in his arms and press his lips to hers. Good God! how he loved her! How his heart hungered for her!

He shook the gates with all his might—strode to clamber over them—flung himself against them; but in vain. Then he pressed his face against the bars, like a prisoner at the prison gate, and, sobbing, called upon her name. But his voice was borne away by the wind, and the pitiless rain drove in his face and mingled with his tears.

While he was yet clinging there in the darkness with his eyes fixed upon the upper window, the light suddenly vanished. He had made so certain that it was her light and her window, that the disappearance of that little spark fell upon him like a blow. He felt as if the last link were now broken between them—the last hope gone.

Almost at the same moment, he saw a lantern (carried apparently by an invisible hand) moving across the upper end of the court-yard. Again he shook the gates, and shouted furiously. The lantern paused—moved on—paused again; and at last came quickly towards him. Then the bearer held it high above his head with one hand, shaded his eyes with the other, and asked roughly—"Qui est là?"

It was Jacques—the same Jacques who had let him out an hour or two before, and who, recognising his voice, again unlocked the gates and admitted him.

"Tiens!" said he. "They are all in bed là bas."

William Trefalden's heart leaped with fierce exultation.

"No matter," he replied. "My visit is to the gentleman. Tell me where he sleeps. That is enough."

"What gentleman, m'sieur?"

"He who came to-day with the English curé. Quick! Time presses, and my business is urgent."

"But the strange gentleman is no longer here. He went away about half an hour after monsieur."

"Went away!"

"Yes, m'sieur—in a cabriolet with four horses, taking Monsieur le Curé and the young lady with him."

"Dog, it is a lie!—a lie, and you are paid to tell it! Give me the truth—the truth this instant, or I strangle you!"

And, half beside himself, the lawyer twisted his hands in the lad's collar as if he meant what he said.

"Ah, monsieur!—for the love of God, mon-

sieur!—it is indeed the truth—if you kill me for it, it is the truth!"

"Where is Madame Bouisse?"

"Gone to bed, m'sieur!"

"Then wake her—tell her I must see her. If she were dying, I must see her. Do you hear?"

"Yes, m'sieur."

Trembling from head to foot, Jacques picked up the lantern which he had dropped in his extremity of terror, and led the way into the house. They went straight to the housekeeper's chamber, where William Trefalden thundered at the door as if he would bring it down. Madame Bouisse made her appearance, well-nigh startled out of her wits, and wrapped in the counterpane of her bed.

It was quite true—undeniably true. The young Englishman was gone, and had taken mam'selle with him. They left about twenty minutes or half an hour after monsieur took his departure. Madame Bouisse believed they were gone to Bordeaux. Monsieur was free to search the house if he chose; but he would assuredly find that she, Madame Bouisse, was not deceiving him. They were gone.

Gone!

Without waiting to hear or utter another word, he snatched the lantern from the boy's hand and rushed up-stairs. From suite to suite, from floor to floor, through rooms yet full of the evidences of recent occupation, down again, out of the house, and across the court-yard he went, shivering the lantern to fragments on the wet stones as he reached the gates! Then he paused, turned, lifted up his hands in the darkness, heaped curses on the place, and raged against it impotently, like a madman.

Till now he had been comparatively calm. Busy with his scheme of vengeance, he had put restraint upon his words, and even to a certain degree upon his looks. But now—now he no longer attempted to curb the fire within—now the lava-tide of rage and hate welled-up and overflowed, and bore him along, unresisting.

Gone!

Impelled by an instinct that seemed to take the place of sight, he ran down the lane and out upon the high road. The Lion d'Or was now closed for the night; but he battered fiercely at the door till it was opened. The landlord, sleepily obsequious, ventured to remark that monsieur was late; but William Trefalden interrupted him at the first word.

"I must have a cabriolet and post-horses," he said. "At once—do you hear?"

The landlord shook his head.

"Mon Dieu, monsieur!" he said, "the Lion d'Or is not a posting-house."

"But you have horses?"

"None, monsieur."

"Then where can I get them? Quick—quick, for your life!"

"Nowhere in Drouay, monsieur."

"But is there no farmer, no shopkeeper, no

creature in the place who can be found to drive me to Bordeaux? I will pay anything. Fool! do you understand?—*Anything!*"

But the landlord only shrugged his shoulders and protested that not a soul in Drouay would be induced to undertake the job at such an hour, and in such weather.

The lawyer clenched his teeth, and stamped with rage.

"Then I must walk," he said. "Give me some more brandy before I go."

The landlord held up his hands in feeble expostulation. Walk! Great Heaven! Walk three leagues and a half in this terrible storm! Let monsieur only listen to the rain—listen to the wind—think how dark it was, and how lonely! Besides, monsieur was wet through already.

But Mr. Trefalden broke in with a fierce oath, and bade the man hold his peace and bring the brandy instantly.

Then he poured out half a tumblerful, drank it recklessly, flung a napoleon on the table, and rushed out again into the storm.

He was now utterly beside himself—his brain reeling, his blood on fire, his whole frame throbbing with fever and fury. The landlord of the Lion d'Or, thankful to be rid of him, shut and barred the door and went straightway up to bed, resolved not to admit him again under any circumstances. In the mean while he seemed to have lost sight of his determination to walk to Bordeaux, and went raving and gesticulating up and down the village, where all, except himself, were sleeping quietly.

Thus pacing to and fro like a caged beast, he suddenly became aware of the approach of a travelling-carriage. On it came, thundering through the one straggling street of Drouay, with flaring lamps, steaming horses, splash and clatter of wheels, and the loud cracking of the postilion's whip. He ran to meet it—he shouted—he implored to be taken up—he would pay any price only to stand upon the step, if they would let him! But the postilion took him for a beggar, and shook his whip at him; and the travellers inside, cut off from him by windows opaque with damp, and deafened by the rattle of their own wheels and the pelting of the rain upon the carriage roof, neither saw nor heard him. Still he ran beside it, panting and shouting—tried to clutch at the traces, but, receiving a savage lash across the hands, fell back and made a desperate effort to spring up behind. But all in vain. He missed his hold; and the carriage swept on, and left him there despairing.

Still, still he ran, fated, irresponsible, headlong—now stumbling among the sharp flints in the road—now getting up with hands all cut and bleeding—now pausing to take breath—now fancying he could still hear the retreating wheels; and so, drenched, giddy, breathless, his hat gone, his face and clothes disfigured with mud and rain, rushing blindly on again!

Each moment the storm increased and the wind rose higher, till at last it culminated in a

terrific hurricane. Then the thunder came up in heavy peals, the lightning burst over the plain in rapid flashes, and the wind tore up the vines by the roots and whirled them wildly away, with all their vintage promise, towards the sea. Yet still, urged forward by that fierce thirst which blood alone could slake, with murder in his heart and madness in his brain, William Tre-falden ran—fell—struggled to his feet—staggered on again—fell again—and so for miles and miles!

Next morning early, when the storm-clouds were drifting off raggedly towards the west with now and then a gleam of uncertain sunshine between, a party of peasant folk coming up from the way of Medoc found the body of a man lying face downwards in a pool by the roadside. His clothes, face, and hands were torn and blood-stained. He had a watch upon his person, and in his waistcoat-pocket a porte-monnaie full of bank-notes and napoleons. No letter, no card, no token by which it might be possible to identify him, could be discovered upon the body. His very linen was unmarked.

The honest country-folk laid this nameless corpse across one of their mules, and brought it charitably into the dead-house at Bordeaux. Having lain there unclaimed for forty-eight hours, it was buried in the new cemetery beyond the walls, with a small black cross at the head of the grave, on which the only inscription was a row of numerals. His watch, his money, and his clothes were awarded by the préfet to the poor of the parish in which the body was found.

#### EPILOGUE.

THE world knows the Italian story by heart. How Garibaldi entered Naples; how, at Della Catena, he saluted Victor-Emmanuel as King of Italy; how he sheathed his sword when the great work was so far done, and went back to his solitude at Caprera, are facts which need no recapitulation. Had one man lived but a few months—nay, a few weeks—longer, the tale might perchance have ended differently. Where we now read Florence we might have read Rome; for “Regno d’Italia” on printed stamp and minted coin, a word of broader significance and more antique glory. But the ideal Republic died with Giulio Colonna, and was buried in his grave.

In the mean while, Olimpia’s life became a blank. Her father had been the very light of her inner world. Bred in his political faith, trained in his employ, accustomed to look up to him, to work with him, to share his most secret councils, his wildest hopes, his fears, his errors, and even his personal dangers, she seemed to lose the half of her own soul when he was snatched from her. Then came the sudden change of programme—a change to her so bewildering, so unworthy, so fatal! Mistrusting Sardinia, and scorning the very name of a monarchical Italy, Olimpia conceived that her father’s memory was insulted in this compromise,

and so, in the bitterness of her resentment and grief, withdrew herself altogether from the work in which her life had been spent. Avoiding all with whom she had laboured and acted in time past, and keeping up no more than the merest thread of intercourse with even those whom she used to call her friends, she then made her home at Chiswick, in the quiet house to which Saxon had conducted her on the evening of their arrival in London. Here she lived solitary and apart, cherishing her sorrow, mourning the great scheme unachieved, and learning that hard lesson of patience which all enthusiasts have to learn in this world sooner or later.

Not thus Lord Castletowers. Too English, too unprejudiced, and it may be added too sensible, to attach paramount importance to the mere shibboleth of a party, he welcomed the settlement of Italian affairs with a heartiness that he would perhaps scarcely have ventured to express very loudly in the presence of Colonna’s daughter. Where she refused to recognise any vital difference between a monarchical government and a pure despotism, he was far-sighted enough to look forward to that free and prosperous future which most thinking men now prophesy for the kingdom of Italy, nor was he slow to perceive that there might be hope for himself in the turn that matters had taken. The Italian question thus far solved, Italy would no longer need so much support from her well-wishers. With a liberal monarch at the head of the nation, a parliament to vote supplies, and an army to defend the national territory, the whole system of patriotic black-mail levying must necessarily collapse. Olimpia would therefore no longer feel herself bound to sacrifice her hand to “one who could do more for Italy” than himself. So the Earl loved and hoped on, and wisely bided his time.

Wisely, too, he applied himself in the mean while to the improvement of his own worldly position. Occupying his friend Saxon’s vacant chambers in St. James’s-street, he devoted himself to his parliamentary duties with a zeal that drew upon him the attention of one or two very noble and influential personages. Having made a couple of really brilliant speeches during the spring session of 1861, and happening to be upon the spot when a man of ability and tact was needed at a moment’s notice, he had the good fortune to be entrusted with a somewhat delicate and difficult mission to one of those petty German potentates who make up for very small territories by gigantic pretensions, and balance a vast amount of pride against a scanty revenue.

The Earl, as a matter of course, acquitted himself perfectly, and began thenceforth to be talked of among his elders as “a rising man.” Then the Duke of Doncaster smiled graciously upon him, and several of the cabinet ministers fell into the way of asking him to their political dinners; and the end of it all was, that just before the setting in of the long vacation, Gervase Leopold Wynnecliffe, Earl of Castletowers, found himself inducted one morning into a very neat little vacancy in the Perquisite Office,

where the work was light and the salary heavy, and the chance of promotion considerable. Then, and not till then, he ventured to renew his suit to Olimpia Colonna.

The moment was favourable. A year of mourning had passed over her head, and the intense solitude of heart which had been at first her only solace now began to weigh painfully upon her. She had had time to think of many things—time to live down some errors and outlive some hopes—time also to remember how long and well the Earl had loved her; how worthy he was of all the love that she could give him in return; how he had shed his blood for her Italy; and with what devotion he had performed the last sad duties of a son towards her father's ashes. Besides all this, her occupation was gone. She could no longer immolate herself for Italy, for the simple reason that Italy was satisfied to rest awhile upon her present gains, and preferred being left to settle her own affairs in a quiet constitutional way. The disaster at Aspromonte convinced Miss Colonna of this truth, and of the stability of the new régime. And over and above all these considerations, Olimpia loved the Earl. She had loved him all along—even when she refused him; and now, after a whole year of sorrow, she loved him better than before. So she accepted him—accepted him very frankly and simply, as a true woman should, and promised to be his wife before the ending of the year.

Secure in the consciousness of her splendid birth, Olimpia never dreamed for one moment that Lady Castletowers could be other than content and happy in this new alliance of their houses. That the proud Alethea Holme-Pierrepont would in this solitary instance have been prepared to sacrifice blood for gold—nay, would have actually welcomed a Miss Hatherton with her two hundred and fifty thousand pounds more gladly than a portionless Colonna,—was a possibility that could by no chance enter within the sphere of her calculations. So when Lady Castletowers came over to see her the next day in her humble suburban home, and kissed her on both cheeks, and said all the pretty and gracious things that the mother of her betrothed husband was bound, under the circumstances, to say, Olimpia accepted it all in perfect faith, nor guessed what a bitter disappointment lay hidden beneath that varnish of smiles and embraces. The Earl, having himself borne the brunt of her ladyship's displeasure, was, it need scarcely be said, careful to keep the secret very close indeed.

In the mean while, Saxon Trefalden had gone back to Switzerland; and there, despite the urgent remonstrances of those dear friends who missed his little dinners and his inexhaustible cheque-books, persistently remained. In vain did the Erechtheum lift up its voice in despair; in vain did Blackwall lament and Richmond refuse to be comforted, and Italian prima donnas sigh for banquets and bracelets gone by. The boyish, laughing, lavish millionaire was fairly gone, and declined to come back again. The Syrens might sing; but Odysseus only stopped his ears and sailed by unheeding.

The Earl alone knew that he was married; but even the Earl knew no more. He felt it to be somewhat hard that his friend should neither have invited him to his wedding, nor have taken him in any way into his confidence upon so important a matter. He could not but be conscious, too, that there was something strange and secret about the whole proceeding. Who had he married? Was the bride pretty or plain? Rich or poor? Dark or fair? Gentle or simple? What was her age? Her name? her rank? her nation?

In reply to the first announcement of his friend's marriage, the Earl had ventured delicately to hint at two or three of these inquiries; but as Saxon limited his rejoinder to the fact that his wife was "an angel," Lord Castletowers naturally felt that the statement was hardly so explicit as it might have been.

On all other points Saxon was frank and communicative as ever. He laid his every project before his friend as unreservedly in his letters as if they two had been sitting face to face over the fire in the smoking-room at Castletowers, or leaning side by side in the moonlight over the taffrail of the Albula. They were delightful letters, filled to overflowing with all kinds of general detail: now telling of the new château which was already in progress; now of the bridge just built at Ortenstein, or the road to be made between Tamins and Flims; now describing a national fête at Chur, or an entertainment at the Château Planta; now relating all about the cotton-mills which Saxon was erecting in the valley, or the enormous pasture tracts lately purchased, and the herds of Scotch cattle imported to stock them; now giving a sketch of the design just received from the architect at Geneva for that church at Alsfelden on which Pastor Martin's heart had been set for the last thirty years—keeping the Earl constantly au courant, in fact, of every particular of his friend's busy and benevolent life among the simple people of his native canton.

At length it was the Earl's turn to announce the happiness so shortly to be his; and then Saxon wrote to entreat that the newly-married pair would extend their wedding-journey as far as the valley of Domleschg, and be his guests awhile. "My wife," he said, "desires to know you, and my uncle loves you already for my sake. On your wedding-day you will receive a parcel of papers, which you must accept as a souvenir of your friend."

The "parcel of papers" proved to be the title-deeds of the two farms sold to Mr. Sloper, and the title-deeds of Mr. Behrens' "box" and grounds at Castletowers. The farms were worth from ten to twelve thousand pounds apiece, to say nothing of the "fancy price" which Saxon had paid for the woolstapler's property. It was not a bad present, as presents go, and it made a rich man of the Earl of Castletowers; but he little thought, as he wrung Saxon's hand when they next met at Reichenau, that to the man who had presented him with that princely wedding-gift he owed not those farms alone, but Castle-

towers itself—Castletowers itself, with the ancestral oaks of which he was so proud, and the rare old house in which his forefathers had lived and died for centuries before him. That was the one secret that Saxon never confided to him—not even when, walking together under the apple-trees at the foot of the church-hill, he related the story of his own marriage, of his cousin's perfidy, and of the fate from which he had interposed to save Helen Rivière.

"And that," he said, "was how I came first to know her—how I came to love her—how I won her. I brought her home at once to the little château yonder. My uncle adored her from the first moment, and she adored him. I was almost jealous—that is, I should have been jealous, if it hadn't made me so happy. When she had been living here for about a month or five weeks, we came up one morning, all three together, to this little chapel upon the hill, and my uncle married us. There was no one present but Kettli and the organ-blower. After my uncle had blessed us and the ceremony was all over, we embraced and bade him adieu, and walked along the Thusis road till the cabriolet overtook us; and so we were married and went away, and no soul in Reichenau knew it till we were gone. We were so happy!"

"It is a strange story," said the Earl, "and a pretty story; and the best part of it is that you and I are cousins, Saxon, after all."

"Nay," replied Saxon, grasping his friend's hand in both his own, "it is not much to be only cousins when we have been brothers so long!"

A word remains to be added respecting the other moiety of the great Trefalden Legacy; that moiety which, according to the will of the testator, was to be bestowed in the endowment of a great charity, chiefly for the benefit of "Decayed Tradesmen, Mercantile Men, Ship-Brokers, Stock-Brokers, poor Clergymen, and Members of the Legal and Medical Professions, and the Widows and Orphans of each of those classes respectively." For the accommodation of these widows and orphans, the will went on to direct that a plot of freehold ground should be purchased, and that "a Suitable and Substantial Building" should be erected thereon under the superintendence of "some Eminent Architect;" and this building was to be called "THE LONDON BENEVOLENT TREFALDEN INSTITUTION."

It is delightful to know that all this will certainly be done—some day. The money fell due on the third of April, 1860, and the sum then transferred to the credit of the trustees amounted to just four million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand two hundred and odd pounds. Since that time the exertions of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor and Corporation have been beyond all praise. To say that they have either thought much, or done much, up to the present date, would perhaps be premature; but they have eaten an incalculable

number of dinners on the subject, which, to the civic mind, means precisely the same thing. At these dinners they generally entertain a certain "Eminent Architect," which "Eminent Architect," being retained at a splendid salary for just so long as the works shall remain in progress, is naturally and laudably anxious to devote his life to the task. He therefore submits a plan now and then, or the modification of a plan, to the intelligent after-dinner criticisms of his honourable employers; and in that position the building-question now stands.

What site that "Suitable and Substantial Building" is destined to occupy, how much it will cost, what it will be like, and at what remote period in the future history of the world it may probably be completed, are questions which the present generation is advised not to consider too curiously. No intelligent and unprejudiced person can doubt, of course, that when the ground is bought, and the building is built, and the bills are all paid, and the dinners are all eaten, and the resident manager, clergyman, physician, secretary, housekeeper, and servants of the establishment are salaried on a scale befitting the splendour of the foundation, there will yet remain something for the "DECAYED TRADESMEN, Mercantile Men, Ship-Brokers, Stock-Brokers, poor Clergymen, and Members of the Legal and Medical professions, as well as for the Widows and Orphans of each of those classes respectively." In any case, however, the claims of these insignificant persons will not have to be considered in our time; how, then, can we do better than eat, drink, and be merry, after the enlightened fashion of our honourable friends, the Trefalden Trustees, and so leave the future to take care of itself?

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